

A
COLLECTION
OF SACRED
HYMNS.

*And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art
worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seals
thereof : For thou wast slain, and hast re-
deemed us to GOD by thy Blood, Rev. v. 9.*

The Christians were used to meet together,
and sing an Hymn to Christ as to God.

PLIN. EPIST.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS.

H Y M N I.

- 1 O Dearest *Saviour* whose I am,
And whom I serve alone ;
At thy pierc'd Feet (I blush for Shame
And sit me happy down.
- 2 Naked I see myself, and mind
How I have us'd Thee ill ;
A Sinner truly poor and blind,
Yet lo ! Thou lov'st me still.
- 3 I raise my Eyes and see what Smart,
What Grief I put Thee to ;
And yet ('tis strange) it heals my Heart,
While I thy Anguish view.
- 4 I know my Sins prepar'd the Wood,
The Nails, and Whips, and Spear ;
Which tare and flew my *Lord* my *God*,
And drew forth ev'ry Tear.

4 *A Collection of* HYMNS.

- 5 I know that ev'ry Stripe he had,
And ev'ry Pang he bore,
And ev'ry Grief 'till he was dead,
Was my Desert and more.
- 6 This makes me at his Cross design
To fit and see and prize,
That loving *Lamb*, that GOD of mine,
That wond'rous Sacrifice !
-

HYMN II.

- 1 **T**HE *Lamb is slain*, how sweet's the Sound ?
What Fountains are in ev'ry Wound !
Those Streams that thence so freely flow :
Will wash the Sinner white as Snow ;
What strange Diseases will they cure ?
What Med'cine are they for the Poor ?
- 2 What makes these Springs so choice and good,
Is very rarely understood ;
Some taught of GOD, and very few
The secret Cause and Reason know ;
Namely, because the *Lamb is GOD*,
From whence divinely runs the Flood.
- 3 Had he not dy'd, we all had been
Now lost in Unbelief and Sin ;
But while he dy'd upon the Tree,
He bear content our Misery,
Our Chastisement, our Guilt and Blame
Was laid upon the spotless *Lamb*.
- 4 His Robes he stain'd with scarlet Hue,
With num'rous Sins, tho' none he knew,
And meekly stood, while on his Head
Our Sins were charg'd, our Follies laid ;

And

- And dy'd a Sacrifice to move
Our Guilt to whom he bear such Love.
- 5 Thus *black with all his People's Hurt*
He weeping stood in *Herod's Court* ;
A purple Robe he wore to shew,
Our Sins we hence on him might view ;
Then laid the Robe aside, a Sign
Our Crimes were laid in Blood divine.
- 6 Him then the Spirit justify'd
From all that had his Garments dy'd ;
Himself he sanctify'd, that he
Might sanctify his Family :
Our Sins made his, he buried where
Went in the Thorns, the Nails, the Spear.
- 7 For ever Sin, and Death are slain,
(Thro' the Redeemer's Sweat and Pain)
Offences and Transgressions fall,
The Saviour triumphs over all !
Brings Righteousness e'erlasting in,
And makes by Death an End of Sin.
- 8 Lift up your Heads eternal Gates,
Rise ev'ry Heart, the *Bidegroom* waits,
Let in the King of Glory, he
Who shines in yonder Majesty ;
Open my Heart, and let him there
Abide and make a House of Prayer.

H Y M N III.

- 1 **T**HANKS to the *Lamb* I once was dead,
But now alive to GOD am made ;
Thanks to each bloody Wound of his,
The Fountains whence flow all my Bliss ;

Thanks to the *Lamb* who felt such Smart,
When many Sorrows tore his Heart.

- 2 Four thousand Years he meekly view'd,
The human Race in all their Blood ;
The Sight drew Pity from his Breast,
While they were thus he could not rest ;
Since the first Day the Earth was fram'd,
Himself he their *Redeemer* nam'd.
- 3 Thus slain was he for his Elect,
From the Beginning in Effect,
And when the latter Days appear'd,
In which the Prophets had declar'd
A King shall reign, a Son be giv'n,
A Saviour, then he came from Heav'n.
- 4 Then (as it him behov'd) put on
A Servant's Form and wore it down,
Because the Seed was Flesh and Blood,
Of such was made the *Son of GOD* ;
'Thus to himself he reconcil'd
The World, and ransom'd ev'ry Child.
- 5 He died, and down his Spirit went,
(One End for which he here was sent)
And Death and him that had its Pow'r,
He spoil'd and down their Ramparts tore !
Then rose, and glorious thro' the Sky,
Captive he led Captivity !
- 6 The Saints from righteous *Abel* view'd
Our *Saviour* sweating Drops of Blood,
And how with Pow'rs and Thrones he strove,
Saw him prevail, and sang above ;
How in his Flesh he made a Shew
Of Pow'rs of Darkness spoil'd below.
- 7 They saw the *Serpent's* Head receive
A Wound from which he can't revive,

And

A Collection of HYMNS.

7

- And shouted thro' the Midst of Heav'n,
The Blow, the promis'd Blow is giv'n !
 Master (the Lamb) of all Things now
 He soar'd, and left the Shades below.
- 8 Hail (sing the Seraphs Company !)
 Hail *mighty Lamb* who deign'd to die !
 The blushing Thrones and Cherubs too,
 Unworthy his dear Wounds to view ;
 Behind their Wings their Faces hide,
 And sing his War, and how he dy'd.
- 9 The living Creatures full of Eyes,
 The *Saviour* hail to Paradise,
 And all the *Elders* sacred Throng
 Fall down, and make his Death their Song ;
 While full twelve Times twelve thousand tune !
 Their Virgin Lips to praise the S O N.
- 10 O when I think or hear of this,
 How thirst I to partake their Blifs,
 To stand among th' admiring Crowd,
 And see the Nail-prints and the Blood !
 While all adore the matchless He,
 I'd sing, *This Lamb was slain for me.*

H Y M N IV.

- 1 **I** Sing of one who martyr'd was
 Under *Tiberius Cæsar's* Reign :
 Whom *Pilate* sentenc'd to the Cross,
 Whom *Jews* by wicked Hands have slain.
- 2 I sing how much his Soul endur'd,
 When bound how firm, and meek he stood ;
 When ev'ry Chain, and ev'ry Cord,
 Wrung his dear Hands, and fetch'd the Blood.

8 *A Collection of HYMNS.*

- 3 The Heathen and the *Hebrews* join,
The honourable Men and mean ;
Princes and Kings, and Priests combine
To put his righteous Soul to Pain.
- 4 His fav'rite People (tho' his own,
When unto them he came) profess'd
They never knew God had a Son,
And so despis'd him like the rest.
- 5 To these the Traitor *Judas* came,
And to their Hands his Lord betray'd :
Presented to their Rage the *Lamb*,
And heap'd more Sorrows on his Head.
- 6 Then to the Smitters turn'd he meek,
Who smote his Cheeks and tore his Hair.
The Plovers also plow'd his Back,
Their Scourges made long Furrows there.
- 7 Naked they made the *Saviour* stand,
Yet cover'd with Disgrace and Blood ;
Then for a Sceptre in his Hand,
They forc'd a Reed, and mocking flood.
- 8 Constant he bore the Shame, unmov'd
At all the Inj'ry to him done ;
For yet ev'n those that mock'd he lov'd,
And took their Blows, and rail'd at none.
- 9 A Crown of Thorns (the dire Effect
Of Sin and Death) he patient wore ;
A Robe they gave him, this he deck'd,
With Drops of Tears, and sacred Gore.
- 10 But rais'd still greater Griefs to know,
His Body to the Cross they bound ;
His Hands and Feet the Nails bor'd through,
While Men derided all around.

- 11 Men saw, but hid away their Face;
His Friends far off stood looking on;
None help'd, nor could, for all their Race
Had sinn'd, and all their Pow'r was gone.
- 12 At last, 'Tis finish'd, loud he cry'd,
And soon departed back to Heav'n;
Confirm'd the Things for which he dy'd,
Confirm'd our Peace, our Sin forgiv'n.
- 13 He dy'd, and countless Armies view'd
Their Master breathe his latest Breath,
And shouted while he (roll'd in Blood)
O'ercame the Pow'rs of Hell and Death!
- 14 He dy'd, but lives for evermore!
Lives in his Saints, and on the Throne:
This is the LAMB whom I adore!
This is the *Man* I sing alone.
- 15 Let my right Hand her Art forget,
E're I another praise beside,
Or cease to sing his bloody Sweat,
His Griefs and Pain, and how he dy'd.
- 16 Live JESUS! ever live and reign,
Exalted far o'er ev'ry Name!
Live, O despised *Nazarene*!
Exalted GOD, and bleeding LAMB!

HYMN V.

- 1 **D**EAR wounded *Lamb* I thirst to taste that
Flood
Thy Side affords of Water and of Blood.
- 2 I never can cease crying 'till I see
Thou hast both liv'd and dy'd for sinful me.

- 3 I have Delight (in vain) and Solace fought
In many Things save Thee, but found it not.
- 4 Scarce I heard of Thee, but I straitway knew
Thou wert the only Thing I wanted so.
- 5 Some of thy dear Disciples spread thy Fame,
I heard it, and cry'd out, *I want the Lamb.*
- 6 Others may feed on husky Things like *Swine*,
But I shall hunger till the *Lord* is mine.
- 7 I want him to remit my Sin, and shew
He has my spotted Soul made white as Snow.
- 8 I want him for my Robe, my Spirit's Dress,
O JESUS, Master, be my Righteousness.
- 9 Descend (and if thou can'st) make thine Abode,
With my poor Heart, and there reveal thy Blood.
- 10 I cannot, O dear *Saviour*, with Thee part,
I pray Thee, Lord engrave me on thy Heart.
- 11 *Lord*, I beseech Thee shew thy Glory now,
Bless me, or else I will not let Thee go.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **I** Hope our *Saviour* don't forget
His Child is left behind ;
He sure observes me at his Feet,
And bears me on his Mind.
- 2 Dost Thou not dearest *Lamb of GOD* ?
Methinks thou answer'st sweet,
Thy Name is on my Hands with Blood,
And graven on my Feet.

3 Thou

- 3 Thou *Saviour* wilt remember me,
Thou wilt, thou surely wilt ;
For Thou, my *Lord*, on yonder Tree
Didst bear my Sin and Guilt.
 - 4 The Pain which Thou hast there endur'd,
Will put Thee still in Mind,
That I, for whom thou suffer'dst *Lord*,
Am left to roam behind.
-

HYMN VII.

- 1 **L**ET all our *Saviour's* Friends agree
To spread his Righteous Fame abroad,
To say how on the bloody Tree,
He reconcil'd the World to God ;
The *Lamb* our perfect Sacrifice,
Adore and praise thro' Earth and Skies !
 - 2 Be Songs immortal made to him
Who late in our Behalf engag'd,
Who, that he might us Men redeem,
War with the World and Satan, wag'd,
And fought, and has the Battle won ;
Salvation to his Name alone !
-

HYMN VIII.

- 1 **B**LOOD of the very blessed *Lamb*,
What Wonders hast thou wrought !
Redeem'd poor Sinners from their Shame,
And many thousands bought.
Well may the Souls in Peace arriv'd
On *Canaan's* happy Shore,
Who when below this Blood believ'd,
The Fountain now adore !

2 By

- 2 By Blood converted, they confess
 The Myst'ry, round the Throne,
 And sing, *Our Saviour made our Peace*
By Blood, and that his own :
 Nor mention ought the thankful Train,
 But how his precious Blood,
 When he for sinful Man was slain,
 Hath brought them nigh to God.
- 3 *He wash'd away our Sins, they cry,*
By his own Blood and we
Are just, and sanctify'd thereby,
And get the victory.
By shedding of his Blood we gain
Remission of our Sin ;
And Peace with God and Heav'n obtain,
And all that is therein.
- 4 Ten thousand Blessings still ascend
 Before his through-bor'd Feet,
 And Thanks be giv'n, the Sinners Friend,
 For all his Wounds and Sweat.
 Let ev'ry Tongue confess to thee,
 And every Knee be bow'd,
 Who bare our Sorrows on the Tree,
 And wash'd us in his Blood.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **T**HOU first-begotten Son,
 Sinless, and born alone ;
 Without th' Impurity,
 We have in us each one,
 When first the World we see ;
 Sinners from the Womb,
 We thro' One become,
 Sinners to the Tomb.

- 2 Yet we believe in Thee,
Who on the Bloody Tree
Waft torn with Whips and Spear ;
Nail'd naked up that we
Might by thy Death be clear,
Sav'd and justify'd
Washed in thy Side,
Made thy Church and Bride.
- 3 Then these two Things confess
With Joy our dear-bought Race,
That we thro' one Man fell,
Thro' his Unrighteousness,
We are poor Sinners still ;
Thro' the *Saviour* slain,
His good Works and Pain,
Righteous are our Train.

H Y M N X.

- 1 **W**HEN thou dear *Saviour* did'st ascend,
My *Hosts*, thy *Father* said, *attend,*
And worship ye my Son.
With loud Acclaims of Joy they view'd,
Ador'd, and round Thee shouting rode,
To thy exalted Throne.
- 2 Shall we thy Triumphs e'er forget ?
Shall we not worship at thy Feet ?
And kiss each bruised Part :
With Angels forc'd, we Sinners gaze,
And mingle weakly in thy Praise,
O LORD with all our Heart.
- 3 We sing Redemption, wond'rous Deed !
How Thou didst in the War succeed,

When

- When roaring Legions strove ;
 And countless Fiends conspir'd to rend
 Thy holy People from thine Hand,
 'The People of thy Love.
- 4 Thy Company to Thee betroth'd,
 With Thee her spotless Linnen cloath'd,
 Bows down and thankful sings ;
 We join thy Bride, and bow and bless,
 And *Jesu's* Vict'ry pleas'd confess,
 Almighty *King of Kings*.
- 5 Dear *Saviour* with a grateful mind,
 Whate'er of Thee we hear or find,
 We own with joyful Tears ;
 And thank Thee saying, *Live and reign*
Thou GOD, whom thine own Love hath slain,
Above the highest Spheres.
- 6 Well nigh two thousand Years ago,
 Oppress'd with all our Sins didst thou
 Thy Throne dear *Saviour* leave ;
 Wag'd War with him more strong than we,
 And Captive led Captivity,
 And did thy People save.
-

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **T**HE Doctrine of our dying Lord,
 The Faith he on *Mount Calvary* seal'd,
 We sign ; and every stedfast Word
 Within his Testament reveal'd,
 We firm believe ; and curs'd are they
 Who add thereto, or take away.
- 2 And now, before this awful Crowd
 Of Brethren Militant on Earth :
 Before the *First born Church* with GOD !
 We hearty own the *Second Birth*.

We

We constantly consent to this,
Who hath not Christ, is none of his.

- 3 Also to Blood, we this maintain,
That none are Righteous, no not one,
 But those for whom the Lamb was slain,
Who're justified by Faith alone ;
 And *whofo in his Name believes,*
Himself, and all Christ hath receives.
- 4 Our Works and Merits we disclaim,
 We trample on our Righteousness ;
 Our holiest Actions we condemn
 As Dung and Dross ; and this confess,
They are but Sand, who builds thereon
Denies, and slights the Corner-Stone.
- 5 No other Doctrine dare we hear,
 But, CHRIST *a'one our Saviour is :*
 To all beside we stop our Ear,
And shun as dang'rous Heresies :
 This Truth to Death will we proclaim,
 There is no Saviour but the LAMB.
- 6 He is the only Lord and God !
 The Fulness of the Three in One :
 His Name, Death, Righteousness, and Blood,
 Shall be our Glory, this alone :
 His Godhead, and his Death shall be,
 Our Song to all Eternity !
- 7 On Him we venture all we have,
 Our Bodies, Souls, and Spirits too :
 None will we ask beside to save,
 Nought but the Saviour will we know:
 This we subscribe with Heart and Hand,
 Resolv'd, thro' Grace, by this to stand.
- 8 This now, with Heaven's resplendent Host,
 We eccho thro' the Churches Bounds ;

And

And 'midst the Heathen make our Boast,
 Of our *Redeemer's Blood*, and *Wounds* :
 And loud, like many Waters join !
 To shout the *Lamb, the Man Divine* !

- 9 By this our *Mark* will we be known,
 In *Heav'n*, and in the *Earth* Abroad,
 That ev'ry Doctrine we disown,
 And every *Faith*, and every *God*,
 But *Christ Emmanuel*, and that *Faith*,
 Which apprehends his *Blood* and *Death*.
-

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **O** Come let us join,
 Together combine,
 To praise our dear *Saviour*, our Master Divine.
- 2 Him let us adore,
 Who cover'd with Gore,
 Late hanged on *Calv'ry*, both wounded and poor.
- 3 He worthy is blest'd
 By Spirits at Rest,
 Who once in this Desert, his Godhead confess'd.
- 4 The Heavenly Spheres,
 Who saw him in Tears,
 Yea every strong Angel, his Person reveres.
- 5 The Prophets who told
 His Sufferings of old,
 Sing now sweet Thanksgivings, on Psalteries of Gold.
- 6 The Fathers to whom
 He shew'd he wou'd come,
 Now in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

- 7 The Spirits of Men,
Who for him were slain,
From *Abel* the Righteous, share now in his Reign.
- 8 Th' Apostles who stood
Resisting to Blood,
For *Jesus's* Gospel, rejoice in their G O D.
- 9 The Confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.
- 10 O Church of the *Lamb*,
Here met do the same,
With Saints and with Angels, bless *Jesus's* Name.
- 11 My Soul bear a Part,
For ransom'd thou art
By *Jesus's* Blood-shedding, his Burial, and Smart.
- 12 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd *Nazarene*,
Be Glory, and Honour, let all say, *Amen*.

HYMN XIII.

- 1 **B**Ehold, the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the Tree,
Behold him shedding forth his Blood,
For all of You and Me.
- 2 O what a Mystery is this!
The nail'd *Emmanuel* view!
How hath he left his Realms of Bliss,
To bleed for me and you!
- 3 Why is his Body rack'd with Pains,
And wrung with keenest Smart,
Why flows the Blood from out his Veins,
Why torn with Grief his Heart?

- 4 All Righteousness did he fulfil,
No Sin did ever know,
He never thought nor acted ill,
Why was he wounded so ?
- 5 Alas ! I know the Reason why :
Our num'rous Sins He bore,
This caus'd his bitter Agony,
This wounded him so fore.
- 6 But hence our Confidence begins ;
For we may boldly say,
That thus by bearing all our Sins,
He took them all away.
- 7 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
Our God is satisfy'd,
Each Sinner now may be his Child,
Since Jesus bled and dy'd.
- 8 How highly God his Death did prize,
No Sinners Tongue can tell ;
It was a pleasing Sacrifice,
How sweetly did it smell ?
- 9 Come then, each needy Sinner, come,
If you'll accept he'll give ;
But let him, and he'll lead you home,
Whoever will, may live.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **B**lood of the venerable Lamb !
My Heart nought else can say ;
Since 'tis by that, and only that
My Sins are wash'd away.

- 2 'Tis with that Blood that I am bought
From Curse, and Death, and Hell;
'Tis with that Blood I'm sanctify'd,
Made meet in Heav'n to dwell.
- 3 Then what but Blood should fill my Heart,
Since 'tis by Blood I live?
Since 'tis the Gift the Father sent,
When he his Son did give.
- 4 'Twas by his Blood the Son me bought,
For me Salvation gain'd;
And not me only, but all Souls
Of ev'ry Age and Land.
- 5 Then come, ye Sinners! come and dip
In Jesu's precious Blood,
'Twill cleanse from sinful Leprosy,
And make all fresh and good.
- 6 O! it exceeds *Bethesda* far,
And *Jordan's* River Stream,
And *Siloam's* Pool; and all Things else;
Come wash, and you'll be clean.

H Y M N XV.

1 **C**Hrist crucify'd,
And his dear Bride,
Is all my Joy;
Nought else my Thoughts employ!
His Blood has wash'd me clean
From Sin;
Should he appear,
I'm not in Fear;
My Debts are paid,
And full Attonement made.

2 But

- 2 But till he come
 And fetch me home,
 Low at his Feet,
 With holy Shame I'll sit :
 And hearken to his Voice,
 Rejoice,
 And praise the Name
 Of that blest Lamb,
 Who for me dy'd,
 And brought me to his Bride.
- 3 O Lamb, thou know'st
 I could not boast
 Of ought I'd done ;
 'Twas thy Free-Grace alone,
 Which sav'd me, sinful Man,
 From Pain,
 And gave me Place
 Among thy Race ;
 Where thou art Head ;
 Of whom could much be said.
-

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **C**ome let us join our chearful Songs,
 With Angels round the Throne ;
 Ten Thousand Thousands are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and Pow'r divine ;
 And Blessings more than we can give,
 Be Lord, for ever thine.

- 4 The whole Creation join in one,
To blefs the sacred Name
Of Him that fits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
-

H Y M N XVII.

- 1 **D**ear Lamb from everlasting slain,
Thou Servant of thy Crofs's Train,
Our Soul's kind Husband Thou ;
We fall down humbly at thy Feet,
And close embrace them as 'tis meet,
As close as Faith's sure Arm can do.
- 2 Weak little Babes, 'tis true we are,
Poor Sinners, but redeem'd and clear :
And of that Quintessence,
Which from thy Wounds doth richly flow,
We all have drunk, and feel, and know
The quickning Power of God from thence,
- 3 This the Saints Strength and Refuge sure,
That our own Doings, vile and poor,
Are not the means to move
The Lamb, our dearest Friend thro' Blood,
Grace to bestow and every Good ;
He's wonderfully pres'd by Love.
- 4 And now we nothing can reply,
But at thy Feet astonish'd lie,
And ask——Can't be, God's Son,
That thou vile Slaves by Birth shouldst free,
And, what is more than Liberty,
Shouldst destine them a Crown and Throne ?
- 5 This gives us ravishing Love's Smart,
Like melting Wax we feel our Heart,

As Dust asham'd we hide ;
 Tears from our Eyes most freely flow,
 And nought else will we ever know,
 But *that a Lamb was crucify'd.*

H Y M N XVIII.

GRant, in the Bottom of my Heart
 Thy Name and bloody Tree
 May sparkle ev'ry Day and Hour,
 That I may joyful be :
 In the same Form to me appear,
 Wherein for all my Need
 Thou willingly upon the Cross
 To Death Thyself didst bleed.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! all Praise is due to Thee,
 That thou wert pleas'd a Man to be !
 A Virgin's Womb Thou didst not scorn,
 And Angels shout to see Thee born.
- 2 Th'eternal Father's only Son
 Takes up a Manger for his Throne :
 The everlasting Sov'reign Good
 Assumes our feeble Flesh and Blood.
- 3 Whom Earth could not contain, nor Skies,
 He on a Woman's Lap now lies ;
 He who the World's Foundation laid
 Is now a little Infant made.
- 4 The Son, th' Almighty God confess'd,
 In his own World becomes a Guest :
 And therefore poor on Earth he came,
 That we might all his Riches claim.

- 5 The everlasting Light we view
Giving the World a Lustre new,
His Beams dispel the dusky Night,
And make us Children of the Light.
 - 6 For us these Wonders He hath wrought,
To shew his Love surpassing Thought ;
For *this* we all will joyful be,
And thank him thro' Eternity.
-

H Y M N XX.

- 1 **T** E S U, my Light and sure Defence,
My Life, my Joy, my Confidence !
Thy bloody Sweat my Cordial be,
Thy Bonds procure my Liberty.
 - 2 The Strokes upon thy Back and Face
My Scars and Marks of Sin erase ;
Thy Shame, Reproach, and thorny Crown,
These be my Glory and Renown.
 - 3 Thy parching Thirst and Cup of Gall
Refresh me when I faint or fall ;
Thy loud and agonizing Cry,
My Passport be whene'er I die.
 - 4 Thy Five dear Wounds torn wide for me
* My Rock-Holes and my Refuge be,
Where like a Dove I may withdraw
Safe from the hellish Vulture's Claw.
-

H Y M N XXI.

L Amb, Lamb, O Lamb,
With Eyes of Flame,

Se

* Isaiah ii. 19. Rev. vi. 15.

So throughly prov'd,
 So griev'd, and yet so lov'd !
 My Heart's not mine, not mine ;
 'Tis Thine ;
 My Lamb, once slain,
 Thy Crofs, Thy Pain,
 Thy Blood, Thy Toil,
 Have claim'd it for their Spoil.

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 **L**OOK up my Soul, and see thy God
 Nail'd bleeding on the Tree ;
 Proclaim his Grace, and praise his Love,
 Which brought him there for thee.
- 2 Behold his pierced Hands and Feet,
 His Body stain'd with Blood ;
 The Thorns, which crown'd his sacred Head,
 Increas'd the Crimson Flood.
- 3 Those Wounds, and Bruises, Blows, and Stripes,
 He suffer'd in thy Stead,
 With all those Scoffs and taunting Jeers,
 Were given him whilst he bled.
- 4 What Pain and Sorrow, Cries and Tears,
 What bitter Agony
 Did he endure, to set me free
 From endless Misery !
- 5 Here by thy Crofs, Lamb, will I stay,
 Since this was done for me ;
 I'll look, and look, and look again,
 Till my whole Heart loves Thee.

H Y M N

HYMN XXIII.

- 1 **N**O more with trembling Heart I try
A Multitude of Things;
Still wishing to find out that Point
From whence Salvation springs.
My Anchor's cast ! cast on a Rock,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the Labour of my Thoughts,
And Workings of my Breast.
- 2 What is my Anchor ? if you ask ;
A hungry helpless Mind,
Diving, with Mis'ry for its Weight,
Till firmest Grace it find.
What is my Rock ? 'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless Eyes pass o'er ;
Yet there all Sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more.
-

HYMN XXIV.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the Ground, wherein
Sure my Soul's Anchor may remain,
The Wounds of Jesus, for my Sin
Before the World's Foundation slain ;
Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay,
When Heaven and Earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, Thy everlasting Grace
Our scanty Thoughts surpasses far ;
Thou melt'st with Parent's Tenderneſs,
Thy Arms of Love still open are ;
Thy Heart o'er Sinners can't but break,
Whether thy Grace they slight, or take *

B

* Luke xix. 41.

3 6

- 3 O Love, thou bottomless Abyss!
 My Sins are swallowed up in thee;
 Cover'd is my Unrighteousness,
 From Condemnation now I'm free;
 While Jesu's Blood, thro' Earth and Skies,
 Mercy, free boundless Mercy cries.
- 4 With Faith I plunge me in this Sea;
 Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
 Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's Breast!
 Away, sad Doubt, and anxious Fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
 Tho' Strength, and Health, and Friends be
 gone,
 Tho' Joys be whither'd all, and dead,
 Tho' ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn;
 Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
 Father, Thy Mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
 Tho' my Heart fail, and Flesh decay;
 This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
 When Earth's Foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full Pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **U**Nspotted *Lamb of G O D*,
 All over spread with Blood;
 Whose Hands were wounded sore
 On the accursed Wood,
 I humbly Thee adore;

Vail I *Lord* my Face,
'Midst the ransom'd Race,
GOD of Life and Grace:

- 2 I thank my dearest *Lord*,
For all Thou hast endur'd,
And thou most gracious faith,
The Wrath on me was pour'd ;
The Curse, and Sin, and Death,
Which belong'd to Thee,
I to make Thee free
Bore upon the Tree.
- 3 I see thy bloody Sweat,
From Forehead to the Feet,
Thy Raiment all besmear :
The Drops are very great,
They speak, and lo ! I hear ;
What they cry to gain,
'Tis the Souls of Men,
Those who caus'd thy Pain.
- 4 And can I look on this
And hear and hold my Peace,
Nor make thy Mercy known ?
I must right chearful kiss
Thy bleeding Wounds each one,
Telling far and wide
Christ is crucify'd,
Christ the *Lamb* has dy'd.
- 5 Full thirty Years he came
To seek each wand'ring *Lamb*
And when he found us out,
From all our Sin and Blame,
He us most freely bought ;
Tho' we caus'd his Pain,
He so lov'd our Train,
He for us was slain.

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **R**ighteous art Thou, O GOD, yet let me
plead,
Permit the vilest of the fallen Race,
To tell his Sin, and bow his guilty Head,
Before thy Mercy seat, thy Throne of Grace.
- 2 As num'rous as the Stars, or countless Sands,
My Faults, Backslidings, and Transgressions are,
Yet look upon my *Saviour's* bleeding Hands,
My Pardon, *Lord*, my Pardon's written there.
-

H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **T**HE Deeds of the *Lamb*,
His Cross, Blood, and Name,
We all are determin'd alone to proclaim.
- 2 When others relate
The Deeds of the Great,
We'll mention his Conquests, and kiss his dear Feet.
- 3 Nor heard we alone
What Things he hath done,
Ourselves bear him witness, for we have them known.
- 4 He saw in the Fall
The Ruin of all ;
Th' Offences erecting a Partition-wall.
- 5 He saw the drawn Sword,
Flame forth from the *Lord*,
To slay all the People he made by his Word.
- 6 Then ran he between
'The Wrath and the Sin,
And thus to the *Father* did *Jesus* begin.

7 My *Father* rever'd,
Thy People have err'd,
But O let thy Servants in Mercy be spar'd!

8 E'er them Thou consume,
Lo! I the *Lamb* come,
To die, and be punish'd in poor Sinners Room.

9 He said, and his Sire,
Laid by his dread Ire;
Refrain'd to take Vengeance, which burn'd like a Fire.

10 Then cried the *Lamb*!
The World's Sin, and Shame,
Chastise in my Person, and there lay the Blame.

11 The Father comply'd,
Our Lust, and our Pride,
He charg'd on his Son, who to cancel it dy'd.

12 This *Beelzebub* found,
Who all Men had bound,
Whose Head the *Redeemer*, by dying, did wound.

13 The Captives to free,
Himself on the Tree,
Was Captive to *Satan*, and his Company.

14 The Price he thus paid,
For those who were made
The *Devil's*, when *Adam* the Lord disobey'd.

15 The Souls Hell disown'd,
When *Jesus* they found;
And all they surrender'd, when *Jesus* they bound.

16 The *Lamb* having freed
His well belov'd Seed,
Himself then deliver'd, and bruis'd the Fiend's Head.

- 17 He shew'd them his Pow'r,
And left them to roar ;
And know that poor Sinners are *Satan's* no more.
- 18 This makes him distress,
And tempt, and oppress
The Souls of the Faithful, who firm believe this.
- 19 But let them tempt on,
He shall not hold one,
For whom the *Lord Jesus* did bleeding atone.
- 20 The *Lamb* will demand
His Seed from his Hand,
And peaceably bring them home safe to their Land.
-

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **O** Dear *Immanuel*, foolish Men,
Because they know Thee not,
Think very little of thy Pain,
And what thy Blood hath bought.
- 2 But sure I never can forget,
Thou didst that Guilt endure,
Which else (e'er now) in Torments great !
Had sunk me evermore.
- 3 Thy Blood, when thy dear Feet were bor'd,
Did speak my Pardon loud :
Did wash me, O my loving *Lord*,
And heal'd me in its Flood.
- 4 Thy Cries so strong, and many Tears,
So plentifully shed,
I still remember, and the Pray'rs,
Which Thou for me hast pray'd.

- 5 Thy Wounds, and Blood, still on my Heart,
Like best of Ointments are :
Like Myrrh and Frankincense, thy Smart,
Or Spices brought from far.
- 6 The very Mention of thy Name,
My fainting Spirit cheers :
To all my Wounds 'tis goodly Balm,
It quite expels my Fears.
- 7 I love thy Scriptures fill'd so full
Of thy most precious Blood ;
Thy Name, and Travail of thy Soul,
My dearest *Lord* and *God*.
- 8 Nor can I like that Work, or Word,
That Doctrine, Book, or Theme,
That takes no Notice of my *Lord* ;
Or leaves out his dear Name.
- 9 As in a Figure Blood did once
Make all Things pure and good,
So now will I that Thing renounce,
Not sprinkled by thy Blood.
- 10 Nor will I call that fav'ry hence,
Not salted with the same ;
Nor praise the highest Eloquence,
Whose Subject's not the *Lamb*.
- 11 Thy Blood shall be my Salt, my *Lord*,
Shall sprinkle all my Good ;
Shall hallow every Thought, and Word,
All shall be purg'd with Blood.
- 12 Forgive me, if I e'er am pleas'd
With ought, not thus made pure ;
Or if I ought beside have prais'd,
And let me sin no more.

HYMN XXIX.

1 **W**HAT Mercy hath the Saviour shew'd !
 In that he who was very God,
 Th' Eternal Father's Brightness ;
 Came down from Heav'n, and was a Man,
 Afflicted with my Grief and Pain,
 And in a Servant's Likeness ?

For me
 Did he
 Toil and Travail ;
 All my Evil,
 Ev'ry Burthen,
 Bore the Saviour in the Garden.

2 When he before the Ruler stood,
 Derided by the Multitude,
 Bound, and with Scourges beaten,
 He guiltless was for me condemn'd,
 The whole Assembly him blasphem'd,
 Yet no one did he threaten.

He knew
 The Woe
 On Him poured,
 I incurred ;
 So he tender
 Bore the Punishment and Slander.

3 When from the Judgment-seat he went,
 Condemn'd to have the Chastisement,
 Which was my just Demerit,
 My num'rous Sins he patient bore,
 When *Roman* Whips his Body tore,
 And Guilt oppress'd his Spirit ;

In red
They made
Him do Penance ;
Then his Sentence
They fulfilled,
And the Lamb, my Master, killed.

- 4 His royal Head with Thorns they crown'd,
His harmless Hands with Fetters bound,
And then thro' Crowds of People,
The Lamb without the Gates they led,
Bearing upon his guiltless Head
The Sins of each Disciple ;
Content
He went,
Bow'd and heavy,
Very weary,
So he valued,
And to Death to win me follow'd.

- 5 To *Calv'ry's* Hill he bore my Load,
And there the Lamb, my Lord and God,
When he came thither nailed
My Sins, and mine Iniquity,
With his own Body to the Tree,
And there my Pardon sealed ;
My Lord,
Ador'd
Be thou ever
Only Saviour,
God Almighty,
Full of Mercy, Love, and Pity.

- 6 Thou *great Attonement*, GOD MADE MAN !
Who condescended to be slain,
In Servant's Form and meaner ;
Who thy own self, thyself alone,
Did'st bear my Offences ev'ry one,
And died'st for me a Sinner ;

Did'st bleed
 'Till dead,
 Hence be given
 Thanks in Heaven,
 • Pow'r and Blessing,
 And within me never ceasing.

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **T**O *JESUS* the Slain,
 The God and the Man,
 We sing, and acknowledge him worthy to reign.
- 2 Be ever ador'd
 Immaculate *Lord!*
 Of whom said thy Fav'rite, AND GOD WAS THE
 WORD.
- 3 When thou great I AM
 Becamest a Lamb,
 The Armies of Angels bow'd down at thy Name,
- 4 In *Beth'lem* they saw,
 Thee lay on the Straw,
 And all round the Manger attended with Awe.
- 5 With Tongues on a Flame,
 They spread thy just Fame,
 And sang *Allelujah* to God and the Lamb ;
- 6 The Cherubims crowd,
 Proclaimed thee GOD,
 Then blew *Allelujah* on Trumpets aloud !
- 7 Salvation they said
 To *Jesus* our Head,
 Without whom not any Thing was, that is made.
- 8 *Jehovah* they view'd,
 In our Flesh and Blood,
 Again *Allelujah* they shouted aloud.

HYMN

HYMN XXXI.

- 1 **C**OME Brethren to *Gethsemane*,
 And view the Man that came from God,
 The best the truest Gard'ner see
 Besprinkling all the Ground with Blood ;
 From Head to Foot to make the Garden wet,
 He labours pouring on a bloody Sweat.
- 2 O blessed Gard'ner, who appear'd
 To weeping *Mary* near the Tomb,
 I have like Her thy Absence fear'd,
 My Heart, thy Garden's out of Bloom ;
 When thou and I a Moment are apart :
 O sprinkle ev'ry Hour my barren Heart.
- 3 Water the Seed Thou plantest there,
 Or else my dearest LAMB 'twill die ;
 Drown all the Weeds of Sin and Care,
 Or see how fast they multiply.
 O water ev'ry Day thy little Spot
 My Heart, thy Garden, which thou dear hast bought.
- 4 Let all thy Wounds, the Great and Small,
 On me a fruitful Shower yield,
 Down let thy Tears and Blood sweat fall,
 And make the Wild a fruitful Field ;
 Yea ev'ry Moment water me with Blood,
 And then my Heart shall bring forth Fruits to GOD.

HYMN XXXII.

- 1 **H**OW hardly Men are brought to own
 The Carpenter and *Mary's* Son,

How

- How few have him confes'd !
 How few declar'd that poor dear Man,
 Who once on *Golgotha* was slain,
 Is GOD for ever blest !
- 2 This Myst'ry dazles Reason's Eyes,
 Confounds and troubles all the Wise,
 Offends the *Jew* and *Greek*,
 Who both despise his Righteousness,
 His Incarnation, Death, and Grace,
 Of whom so much we speak.
- 3 A little happy Church is found,
 Scarce known, and where she's known disown'd,
 Who loves the *Hebrew* Child ;
 She round his Feet and Nail-prints clings,
 Kisses his Wounds, and weeps, and sings
 With utmost Transport fill'd.
- 4 Quite poor in Spirit, low and mean,
 She lives upon his Blood and Pain,
 And knows His loving Heart,
 And unasham'd confesses loud,
 JESUS of *Naz'reth* is my GOD !
 That Man of Grief and Smart.
- 5 In spite of Hell, and Death, and Sin,
 She loves his Wounds, and enters in,
 And will herein persist ;
 She will have Wounds her sweet Abode,
 And all her Element is Blood,
 And all her Doctrine CHRIST.
- 6 Of Him alone she loves to tell,
 And bears about His dying still,
 Nor can she this forget ;
 'This makes Her chearful, gives her Ease,
 Enamours Her thro' all her Days,
 And chains her to his Feet.

- 7 Her sweet Captivity and Bonds,
(Which are no other than his Wounds)
She counts her Liberty ;
Nor wou'd by any Means be freed,
But while she's bound, she's free indeed,
To Everlasting, free !
-

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **T**O Him on the Cross,
Who died for us,
Be praises, for only he pleaded our Cause.
- 2 With both his Arms spread,
Like *Moses* he pray'd
For those who him murder'd, and dy'd in their stead.
- 3 His Love so profound,
Was shewn when around,
His Blood like a River flow'd down on the Ground.
- 4 How bright did he shine,
How sweet and divine,
When all the World's Pardon he purchas'd, and
mine.
- 5 How sparkled his Blood,
And beautiful glow'd
When Devils and Sinners so bruised our GOD,
- 6 Yet patient when try'd,
Did JESUS abide,
Nor once was he angry, but lov'd 'till he dy'd.
- 7 His Eyes flow'd with Tears,
His pale Lips with Pray'rs,
His Heart with Compassion for all his Betray'rs.

- 8 Both Hands full of Blood,
He stretched and strew'd
On Sinners that precious and generous Flood !
- 9 Thro' all his strong Pain,
None hear'd him complain,
But patiently hung 'till he emptied each Vein.
- 10 Mid't many loud Cries,
Our dear Sacrifice,
His Travail accomplish'd and paid our great Price.
- 11 As if he meant then,
To kiss his lov'd Train,
His Head the Lord bowed, nor rais'd it again,
- 12 He then fell asleep
In Sight of his Sheep,
Who saw how he lov'd us, and cou'd not but weep.
- 13 And who but with Shame,
Can think on this LAMB ?
Who, who can but love him, and bless his dear
Name ?
- 14 O look on him ye,
Who careless can be,
And see how to save you, he bled on the Tree.
- 15 O go my Soul go,
CHRIST crucify'd view,
And love and adore him in that bloody Hue.
- 16 Go kneel at his Feet,
Salute him, and greet
Thy BLEEDING CREATOR, and by his Cross wait.
- 17 No Love is like his,
No Mercy like this,
To know it I'd part with ten thousand World's
Bliss.

H Y M N XXXIV.

BE printed on my Heart, be written there,
 Thou Name, which my incarnate GOD did
 bear,
 Thou Name more than sacred !
 Profoundly precious !
 Let all within me eccho JESUS, JESUS,
 For evermore !

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **F**OR him whom I have pierc'd I mourn,
 In Sorrow for him look ;
 As Friends lament their dear First-born,
 By sudden Death o'ertook.
- 2 What shall I do, now I have finn'd,
 Thou Lamb-like Son of God :
 I'll come to Thee, my slighted Friend,
 O wash me in thy Blood.
- 3 I'll come to Thee, and tell Thee all
 The Vileness of my Sin :
 My many Faults, my dreadful Fall,
 And thou shalt make me clean.
- 4 Bow'd down with holy Shame I'll own
 My Sin for evermore ;
 And for my Pardon round the Throne,
 I'll ever thee adore.
- 5 I'll mourn that I have pierc'd thee thus,
 And yet tho' thus I have ;
 My Sins are all nail'd to thy Cross,
 And buried in thy Grave.
- 6 The Napkin thou hast left behind,
 Shall wipe my weeping Eyes ;
 'Till I in Abram's Harbour find
 My endless Paradise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my dearest Lord I see,
 That daily I have need of Thee;
 Yea every Moment Thee I want,
 Thy Presence every Moment grant,
 And keep me, O my Saviour, by thy Side,
 And henceforth, Lord, be pleas'd my Feet to
 guide.
- 2 I know what's mine, is Sin, thy Blood
 Had need wash all to make it good;
 Yea all my Pray'rs but filthy are,
 And Hell deserving every Tear;
 My great High-Priest, I offer all thro' Thee,
 Nor can beside myself accepted be.
- 3 Into thy Hands I give my Pray'rs,
 And on thy Feet I pour my Tears;
 O wash them *Jesus* in thy Blood,
 And then present them to my God:
 He will, I know, he will my Works receive,
 If thou wilt tell him, I in thee believe.

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **I** Though so very sinful, and so poor,
 Am made our Saviour's happy Wife and
 Bride;
 I am the Heir to all his Throne and store,
 This, this he purchas'd for me when he dy'd.
- 2 All my large Debts upon himself he took,
 And all my filthy Rags he chang'd away;
 Then wash'd me wholly in the bloody Brook,
 Of his five Wounds, and gave me fine Array.

- 3 In Prison he was thrown to set me free,
In Chains was bound to buy me Liberty;
His Forehead torn with Thorns that I might bare
The Crown of Life, and endless Glory there.
- 4 I thought when first I heard what he had done,
What Love he bare to *Adam's* helpless Race;
'Tis Mercy sure too great, too much for one,
So vile as me, who grieves him to his Face.
- 5 But happy I in this mistaken was,
I heard his speaking-Blood, most sweetly say,
" This shameful Death, thy Saviour on the Cross,
" Hath dy'd, to wash thy Crimson Sins away."
- 6 This I believe, and truly happy am,
My Maker is my Husband I can cry;
I have my Portion in the bleeding Lamb,
My birth-right is the Son of God most High.
- 7 For this upon my Knees, my Lord I blest,
And give him many Thanks, and kiss each
Wound;
Nor will I be ashamed to own his Grace,
Or tell his Mercy, though an Host stood round.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Church, God's Fulness *, how
So very still art Thou?
Of many Troops compos'd,
Who all the World run thro',
With Force of banner'd Host:
Should not Trumpets sound
In their Course be found.

2 When

* Ep hesians, i. 23.

- 2 When half the World shall now
 At the Lamb's Foot stool bow,
 When flat the Walls shall fall
 Which stopp'd our People so,
 'Tis no more Shouts do all,
 But the Virtue sure
 Of the Lamb's Blood pure.
- 3 Thou then, God's Fulness, so
 In stillness all Things do ;
 Pray, weep, and think within,
 How farther it will go,
 What spoils the Cross shall win,
 Yet, yet many a Soul,
 Till the Sum is full.
- 4 Lord Christ, Thy Blood so shed,
 Thy Nail-holes (see how red !)
 They pierc'd, Thy thro' bor'd Side,
 Thy Sweat in thy deep Need,
 Secure and keep thy Bride,
 Till the Day shall shine,
 Bleeding King of Thine!
-

H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 **O** Tell me no more
 Of this World's vain Store ;
 The Time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.
- 2 A Country I've found,
 Where true Joys abound ;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.
- 3 The Souls that believe,
 In Paradise live :
 And me in that Number will Jesus receive.

- 4 My Soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away !
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad Day.
- 5 No mortal doth know,
What he can bestow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort : Go after Him,
go !
- 6 Lo ! onward I move,
And but Christ above
None guesses, how wondrous my Journey will prove.
- 7 Great Spoils I shall win
From Death, Hell, and Sin ;
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within ;
- 8 Perhaps for his Name,
Poor Dust as I am,
Some Works I shall finish with glad loving Aim.
- 9 I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear Breast,
As at the Beginning, find Pardon and Rest.
- 10 And when I'm to die,
" Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
- 11 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in Glory and leave me behind.
- 12 Lo, this is the Race
I'm running, thro' Grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's Face :
- 13 And now I'm in Care
My Neighbours may share
These Blessings : To seek them will none of you
dare ?

14 In Bondage, O why,
And Death will you lie,
When one here assures you Free-Grace is so nigh !

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour's Blood and Righteousness
My Fin'ry is, my Wedding-dress ;
Therewith, when ent'ring Heaven's Land,
Full well shall I before God stand.
- 2 For tho' I once at Judgment-seat
Appear, I shall no Censure meet ;
Since I'm absolv'd already here ;
And my whole Debt is paid off clear.
- 3 Th' Hand writing on the Cross is seen,
A Spectacle for Satan's Spleen ;
The Nails, that have the Saviour slain,
Have torn th' old Covenant in twain.
- 4 Tho' sign'd and written with my Blood,
Most binding and most firm it stood ;
Yet now the Bond is cancell'd quite,
And no Demands on me can light.
- 5 The Fiend's deserved Pay here see,
(Why nail'd he *God's Son* to the Tree ?)
That he o'er Souls does lose his Sway,
And Jesus bears them sav'd away.
- 6 This knows full well the Serpent old,
That fairly he has lost his Hold
Of us and all Mankind hereby,
And with the highest Equity.
- 7 And now the Lamb from Blemish free,
Who, on the rugged shameful Tree,

For

- For me his Life laid freely down,
For my true Lord and God I own.
- 8 If I should, thro' Christ's Merit and Love,
A Servant e'er so faithful prove;
O'er all that's base the Vict'ry win;
Nor ev'n till Death commit one Sin:
- 9 Yet will I, when I come to you,
Nought think, how good I was and true,
But "here's a Sinner, who would fain
"Thro' the Lamb's Ransom, Entrance gain."
- 10 Then will the holy Company
A great Rejoicing have o'er me;
And still more Joy to me to bring,
They full of Spirit will with me sing *;
- 11 *All Praise and Honour doth pertain
Unto the Lamb; for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his Blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to God.*
- 12 O Jesus Christ! all Praise to Thee,
That thou vouchsaf'dst a Man to be;
And for each Soul, which thou hast made,
Hast an eternal Ransom paid.
- 13 Into Thy Wounds, while I am here,
I'll look, after my Grace's Share;
And, when *above*, shine in the Drefs
Of thy rich Blood and Righteousness.

HYMN

* Rev. v. 9, 10.

H Y M N XLI.

- 1 **W**HAT is it, wounded bleeding Love,
That strikes so sensibly?
'Tis when I view the fervent Zeal,
That urg'd Thee on to die;
And how from that dear Blood of Thine,
So freely shed for me,
Flows all my Happiness in Time,
And in Eternity.
- 2 And this, so long as Life shall last,
Most humbly I'll proclaim,
I, who a little worthless Worm,
Who Earth and Ashes am;
'Tis deeply rooted in my Heart,
Torn thence it cannot be,
That, at th' Expence of all Thy Blood,
I'm now redeem'd and free.
- 3 No ! no ! I cannot it forget,
While I'm a Sinner poor;
My Heart's so taken with't, so fir'd,
So all enamour'd o'er;
That such a little filthy Worm
Of such a base Degree,
Should e'er thy own dear Child become,
And more, Thy Soldier be !
- 4 I thank Thee with a Thousand Tears
For this amazing Grace,
After my small Degree I'll sound,
And blaze it to thy Praise;
Be only still my gracious Prince,
Still kindly lend Thy Aid;
So will I constant Service yield,
And Thou o'er me be glad.

- 5 O! I have tasted once and felt
 The Virtue of thy Blood ;
 What Sin had spoil'd and marr'd throughout,
 Throughout that makes all good :
 'Tis fix'd then deeply in my Heart,
 Eras'd it ne'er can be,
 " That at the Expence of all thy Blood
 " I'm now redeem'd and free."
- 6 Ye gaping bloody Wounds, to me
 How dear are ye and sweet !
 In you I've found for evermore
 A small, but safe Retreat.
 How willingly I own myself
 But Dust and Ashes vile ;
 While yet I'm nothing less than this :
The Lamb's triumphant Spoil.
- 7 For ever then remain engrav'd
 Deep in our Heart's Recess !
 And whom in Heart we so much love,
 O let our Mouths confess !
 That so each Sheep of all thy Fold,
 Ev'n till the Judgment day,
 May, on his Sinner's-Forehead, still
 Thy Seal confess'd display.

H Y M N XLII.

- W ithout the Camp, beyond *Jerusalem's* Gate,
 He who the World by speaking did create,
 Array'd in human Flesh was hang'd on high,
 'Twas then to save that World he deign'd to die.
- O Jesu Christ ! thy offer'd up Blood stream,
 'Tis that shall surely be my constant Theme ;

Through-

- Throughout the miserable World so wide,
I'll praise the Balm which flow'd from thy pierc'd
Side.
- 3 What I poor Wretch not able was to pay,
Was then and there compleatly wash'd away ;
There all my Sins and each were blotted out ;
Then, why, ye worst of Sinners, should ye doubt ?
- 4 Of this sweet Truth by Grace I am made sure,
Th' *Ungodly*, not the Righteous, nor the Pure,
Have need of Christ's all-healing precious Blood,
'Twas shed indeed for them and their Soul's
Good.
- 5 Ye chearful Witneses ! I cite you all,
In Jesu's Name go forth, and loudly call
All Sorts of Sinners : " Ho ! ye Men, receive
" With Joy this News, your Pardon firm be-
lieve.
- 6 " The Heart of that once offered gracious Lamb
" T'wards you, ye Sinners, still is in full Flame,
" That sav'ry Off'ring still most sweetly smokes
" For you the Son his Father still invokes.
- 7 " The Father out of Love to us decreed,
" That Jesus once to Death for us should bleed
" So by this Means lost Man should be restor'd ;
" Come Sinners, now receive your bleeding
Lord.
- 8 " The Father is, we know it to be true,
" In firmest Peace, nor angry is at you ;
" For this he gave up free his only Son,
" That thus the World from Death might all
won.

- 9 " When his dear Son to slay, the Jews had Pow'r,
 " (The Son and Father knew it was their Hour;)
 " They both rejoic'd, knowing whilst so he died,
 The whole World's utmost Debt was satisfied.
- 10 I ign'rant Child as, yet know but in Part
 Th' eternal Father's Truly tender Heart;
 Yet by Experience this I can perceive,
 He too loves those, who on his Son believe.
- 11 O Lamb! give me the priv'lege to diffuse
 This gracious, good, and ever blessed News;
 Explain it to thy Servants more and more,
 And spread it soon to every distant Shore.
- 12 With Knowledge, O thou slaughter'd Lamb, of
 Thee,
 When shall the Earth thro' all its Bounds once be
 (Taught by the Spirit) taken up and fill'd,
 And ev'ry Sinner know, God's reconcil'd?
- 13 O hasten those so wish'd for happy Days,
 So wilt thou hasten perfectly thy praise!
 To this great End O speedily increase
 The number of thy faithful Witnesses.
- 14 Now mighty Conqueror with Pow'r arise,
 Thou valiant Hero seize thy own dear Prize;
 Thy Life obedient, and thy Death have won
 For thee each Nation that hath seen the Sun.
- 15 Yea and thy Child will tell Thee one Thing
 more,
 Thy faithful Father, who his Truth, has swore,
 Because with Willingness thou once hast died,
 Thy Travail Thou shalt see well satisfied.
- 16 Whoe'er is taught by Thee this one Thing first,
 That thou hast after Souls so great a Thirst,

Can he one Moment be in Fear or Doubt,
But thou'lt do more, than we can e'er find out ?

H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, dear Saviour, loves thy Name so
well,
That I could ever of thy Mercies tell,
Lord, thy great Salvation,
So me surprises,
So fills my Heart with Blessing, Thanks, and Praises,
That I'm o'ercome.
- 2 How dear am I redeem'd! at what a Cost,
Am I the Sinner ransom'd, who was lost ?
My God came from Heaven,
My great Creator
Was FLESH, and became my dear Mediator,
Amazing Love !
- 3 That he might make me righteous, he fulfill'd
The Law of *Moses*, then he it repeal'd,
Nor hence can the Curses,
Or Condemnation,
Hurt me, for I am just by Imputation,
The Lord is mine.
- 4 That he might also hallow me for GOD,
Without *Jerus'lem's* Gates, he shed his Blood ;
He is my Holiness ;
I want none other ;
He is my All in All, my God, my Brother,
My Portion He.

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 **T**O *Jesus*, e'er the Worlds were made,
The everlasting Father said,
My Son upon my Right-hand sit,
And tread thy foes beneath thy Feet.
- 2 So to the Angels princely Choirs,
Once spake (and all obèy'd) their Sire,
*Behold my Son ! bow down before
His awful Throne and Him adore.*
- 3 His Saints he also charg'd the same,
And said, *Go kiss my Son the Lamb ;*
As me, so honour ye my Son,
And know that he and I are one.
- 4 The Armies of the second Death
Know this, and furious gnash their Teeth ;
Th' eternal God in Flesh they see,
And dread the sacred Unity.
- 5 This Myst'ry deep the happy Train
Believe and sound, *The Lamb was slain ;*
They fall before his Feet and cry,
How wondrous is thy Mystery !
- 6 The Troops of Angels see and own
Themselves astonish'd round the Throne ;
This clearer by the Church they know,
And sing, and blush, and shout, and bow.
- 7 *The WORD made Flesh*, the Elders see,
And all the Royal Family ;
Touch'd with a Sense of this fall down !
And great the Humiliation own !
- 8 Ten thousand thousands do the same,
Who minister before the Lamb,

Him GOD MADE MAN, they thankful see,
But can't define the Mystery.

- 9 So let my Soul the Church and all,
Who love the Lamb, before him fall,
And own our GOD upon the Cross,
Was Flesh, and came and dy'd for Us.
- 10 Hail only Lord, and Son of Man!
Who thro' thy own great Love was slain;
Thou Man with Blood so sprinkled o'er,
Thou God, whom Heav'n and Earth adore.

H Y M N XLV.

1 **O** *Jesu!* Son of GOD,
Who lov'd the World so dear;
That thou to save't in Flesh and Blood,
Did'st in the World appear.
With Tears of Thankfulness,
Our Souls remember Thee,
In all thy Weakness and Disgrace,
And Pain and Misery.

2 Thou very GOD and LORD,
Who Heav'n and Earth did'st make,
How hast Thou stoop'd by Love o'erpower'd!
For thy Creation's sake?
We see thee yonder fall,
Upon thy Sacred Knees,
And Sweat and Bleed for us and All,
And weep in Bitterness.

3 O Lamb of GOD, we view,
How *Judas* thee betray'd,
We see thee with the Soldiers go,
With all thy Raiment red.

Thou thro' thy bloody Sweats,
Appear'st, Thou Child divine,
Like some poor Man, who treads the Fats,
And rolls his Cloaths in Wine.

4 We see Thee in thy Shame,
Before the Rulers brought,
Round Thee the Heathen make their Game,
And such as knew Thee not.
Soon thou art naked bound,
In Sight of all the Crowd,
Who saw how Streams from ev'ry Wound,
When Thou wert scourged flow'd.

5 When sore thy Flesh was torn,
That ev'n the Bones were seen,
Then wast Thou to the People shewn,
One cry'd, *Behold the Man!*
Thy Pain here ended not,
Thou yet thy Cloaths must wear,
And on those Shoulders, raw and cut,
Thy heavy Cross must bear.

6 O dearest Saviour we,
With many Tears look on,
As thou go'st out to *Calvary*,
To bleed and die thereon ;
What Pain must Thou endure ?
What smart, my dearest GOD,
In thy whole Body swoln and sore,
Under thy pond'rous Load ?

7 Up *Calv'ry*, see he goes,
Quite spent with Loss of Blood,
With inward Pain and outward Woes,
Which ev'ry Step renew'd ;

When him the People thrust,
Or shook the Cross's beam,
It his dear wounded Body crush'd,
Fresh ran the bloody Stream.

8 The Hill He painful climbs,
Weary and out of Breath,
Hardly he moves his trembling Limbs,
And nearly push'd to Death ;
Quite willing to be slain,
Thro' all the Grief he bore,
He murmur'd not, yet wish'd the Pain,
And fiery Baptism o'er.

9 When up the Mount he came,
How melting did he look !
He quak'd, turn'd pale with Fear and Shame,
As one by all forsok :
He rais'd his weeping Eyes,
And scarcely saw for Tears,
All round him were his Enemies,
And Foes and Murderers.

10 He knew before were Hosts,
A countless multitude,
Of evil Pow'rs and hellish Ghosts,
Who waited for his Blood :
His Face so rent and wan,
And bruis'd with Thorns and Blows,
He turn'd for Help, but turn'd in vain,
It but increas'd his Woes.

11 Then down he meekly lay,
(O sweetest Lamb of GOD)
And let them tear his Cloaths away,
And with them Skin and Blood :
Again he naked was,
Again his Wounds must bleed,
When his dear Back upon the Cross,
(The rugged Cross) was laid.

12 They

12 They stretch his Hands and Feet,
And Nail him to the Tree,
Then raise Him up, O then how great,
Must JESU's Anguish be!
Oppress'd unspeakably,
With all Mankind's Misdeeds,
All Unbelief and Misery,
He hangs, and weeps, and bleeds.

13 Three long and bitter Hours,
He groan'd, and cry'd aloud,
[The Rulers of infernal Power,
So long afflicted GOD;]
Then fell beneath their Stroke,
The Prince and Lord of All:
And down Death, Hell, and Sin he broke,
In his amazing Fall!

14 'Tis finish'd all the Crowds,
His clammy Lips heard say,
These were his last dear faithful Words,
And then he fell away:
Pale on the Cross he hung,
An Ensign in the Air,
Round which ten thousand Fathers sung,
And all the Angels Choirs.

15 They sung the Bleeding GOD!
The white and ruddy Lamb!
And kiss'd the Ground whereon the Blood,
From his dear Body came;
They hover round the LORD,
[And blest with sweet Surprise]
His Corpse and Wounds asham'd, ador'd,
And blew his Victories!

16 His Holy Church the same,
And I among them go,
To kiss and hail the bloody Lamb,
In his red Cross's Hue.

All Hail eternal GOD !
 In Flesh for me reveal'd,
 Hail slaughter'd LORD in Flesh and Blood,
 For me on *Calv'ry* nail'd !

H Y M N XLVI.

THO' near two thousand Years ago,
 The Lamb his bloody Course went thro',
 His Spirit shews it us,
 We see him in his Passion pray,
 And all his Wounds, as if To-day
 He hung upon his Cross.

H Y M N XLVII.

NO farther go To-night, but stay,
 Dear *Saviour* 'till the break of Day,
 Turn in my LORD with me,
 And in the Morning when I wake,
 Me in thy Hand, my *Jesus* take,
 And I'll go on with Thee.

H Y M N XLVIII.

¹ **T**HE Clefts of the Rock,
 Whereto the Doves flock,
 We now have found out, and have there Refuge took.
² There happy and blest,
 We safely can rest
 Quite easy, and quiet as Doves in their Nest.

³ We

3 We here can abide,
In th' Hands, Feet, and Side.
Of JESUS of Naz'reth, the GOD CRUCIFY'D.

4 We live in his Wounds,
His Blood Us furrounds,
His Death and Salvation's our Bulwark and Bounds.

5 By Night, and by Day,
Here happy we ity,
Nor know how to leave him, nor ask we the Way.

6 We ravish'd remain,
In him who was slain,
Beholding his Anguish, his Torture and Pain :

7 The longer we view,
We stoop the more low,
And little as nothing we thankfully grow.

8 If high we would rise,
Be something and wise,
We fall very often and put out our Eyes.

9 This gives the Lamb pain,
We feel it, and then,
We ask him his Pardon, who heals Us again.

10 So now at his Feet,
We study to sit,
Quite passive as Infants, and this we find sweet.

11 He does as he please,
We thank him and praise,
The Depth of his Mercy, and favour, and Grace.

12 And all we can do,
Is only to woo,
And court to sit with Us some other Souls too.

13 We sing *Lamb ! Lamb ! Lamb !*
 They hear the sweet Name,
 And fly to his Wound-holes with Gladness and
 Shame.

14 They weep and our King,
 They kiss, bless, and sing,
 And Comfort and Joyfulness to us they bring.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **N**OW will I fall before the *Lamb*,
 In deepest Gratitude and Shame ;
 And sing his regal Mystery,
 His Love, and how he deign'd to die.
- 2 By *Bozra's* Way my Lord I meet,
 'Midst thousands in *Jerusalem's* Street ;
 Groaning, and weeping, and with Gore,
 Blows, Sweat, and Bruises cover'd o'er.
- 3 His Cross I on his Shoulders see,
 Push'd forward by the Company ;
 Pity'd by none, by all blasphem'd,
 Reproach'd, derided, and condemn'd.
- 4 Who is it ? ask the Strangers, who
 Yon Man dragg'd on in purple Hue ?
 What makes his Garments look so red ?
 What makes him sighing bow his Head ?
- 5 'Tis I, my Lord an Answer makes,
 For my afflicted People's Sakes
 I tread the Wine Press ; all their Sin
 My Raiment stains, and makes unclean.
- 6 But, my dear Master, I reply,
 Why art thou so tormented ? Why ?
 What makes Thee thus such Smart endure ?
 He saith, Thy wounded Soul to cure.

7 To

- 7 To *Golgotha*, in greatest Shame,
I bear thy Load, thy Guilt, and Blame;
There, on my Cross I go, that I
Thy Sin with me may crucify.
 - 8 Behold me tra'v'ling thither, see
Me nail'd on the accursed Tree:
Behold ! upon the fatal Wood,
Thy naked *Lord*, thy bleeding GOD:
 - 9 Yes, *Lord*, amidst the Crowds I view
Thy Body torn, and black, and blue;
I see thy Stripes, and weep to see,
This Trouble I have brought on Thee.
 - 10 Thy bloody Flesh all pierc'd and tore,
I kiss, and bless T hee, and adore;
Most dear to me, (thy worthless Worm,)
Art thou, my GOD, in this sad Form.
-

H Y M N L.

- 1 **W**ould thou, my Soul, the Father see !
Then with the Sages go
To *Beth'lem* ; in the Stable He,
An Infant liv'd below.
- 2 They in a Manger there beheld
In Swadling-Cloaths the Son,
And low before the holy Child,
They worshipp'd and fell down !
- 3 (By Faith they saw th' Incarnate GOD,
Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh,
They offer'd, as they wond'ring stood,
The great Deliverer !)

- 4 Thus did the Kings, the Shepherds too,
 Thus, O my Soul, the same,
 Go kiss the Son, and worship thou
 The humble Babe, and Lamb.
- 5 Close by the Manger still abide,
 Nor any Rev'rence pay,
 But to this Infant GOD descry'd !
 And manifest in Clay !
- 6 Dear little Child, my *Lord* and *GOD*,
 On favour'd *Mary's* Knees :
 I kiss thy hands divine, and loud
 Thy Condescension praise.
-

H Y M N L I.

- 1 **H**OW happy were the Brethren when
 They all one Mind enjoy'd :
 One Faith in the Redeemer slain,
 For whom were all employ'd.
- 2 From House to House their Bread they brake
 In Singleness of Heart ;
 Each to his Friend, for *Jesu's* Sake,
 Did of his Goods impart.
- 3 In one Communion closely join'd,
 They fast together stood ;
 All to the Lamb their Wills resign'd,
 And own'd him *Lord* and *God*.
- 4 In Order all the Multitude,
 In holy Pray'r agreed ;
 In Order bless'd his Name and Blood,
 Who them from *Moses* freed
- 5 Each to the Church, the *Saviour's* Wife,
 Willing himself gave up ;
 Each liv'd to *Jesus Christ* his Life,
 And he was all their Hope.

- 6 No Strife nor Envy thro' the whole,
Nor Avarice appear'd ;
All had one End, one Heart, one Soul,
All ey'd one great Reward.
- 7 The Saviour was the Ruler then,
To him they all gave Ear ;
All waited at his Feet to learn,
What they should do, and where.
- 8 The Government to him they saw,
Was by the Father giv'n ;
So subject were, while Love was Law,
And made their Earth like Heav'n.
- 9 Their Enemies their Walk beheld,
Their Blifs did Heathens move :
Who well confess'd, with Wonder fill'd,
See how these Christians love.
- 10 O that our Saviour would restore
Such golden Days again ;
Give back our antient Peace and Power,
Thy Kingdom bring and reign.
- 11 With Lamb-like Spirits all endue,
With Grace the whole adorn ;
And we, dear Lamb of God, will shew,
That we are thy First-born.
- 12 When thou our Fellowship shalt blefs,
With Blessings, *Lord*, like these ;
Our Hearts shall flow with 'Thankfulness,
And Gratitude and Praise.

H Y M N LII.

- 1 **I** Have tasted *Canaan's* Grapes,
And now I long to go,
Where the *Lord* his Vineyard keeps,
And where the Clusters grow :

There

There on new, and living Wine;
 My thirsty Soul desires to feast;
 Banquet on the Fruits divine,
 And be our *Saviour's* Guest.

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **E**xalted Saviour, who the Lost,
 Dost save unto the Uttermost,
 By all the Pow'rs ador'd;
 Angels and Saints above agree,
 And we below to worship Thee,
 Our only God and Lord.
- 2 Thousands of holy Martyrs praise;
 O King of Saints, thy righteous Ways,
 And slaughter'd Infants join,
 While all the Prophets Company,
 And th' Apostles Senate cry,
 To thee in Songs divine.
- 3 Twelve times twelve thousand Virgins tune,
 Their golden Harps to Thee alone;
 When lo! the glorious Sound
 By Confessors, a numerous Crowd,
 And all redeemed by thy Blood,
 Is eccho'd all around.
- 4 Thy Churches militant, the same,
 Sing loudly thy eternal Fame,
 O spotless *Lamb of G O D*;
 In Time, and in Eternity,
 Grace will we shout! and Glory cry
 To *Jesus* and his *Blood*.

H Y M N LIV.

- 1 **H**OW sweet's the Walk I sometimes take
To *Calv'ry's* Bloody Brow,
When I can ev'ry thing forsake
And all Things leave below ?
- 2 My Spirit treads the dol'rous Way,
Which once my weeping God
O'erburthen'd on his dying Day,
Besprinkled with his Blood.
- 3 I see with Thorns his Forehead marr'd
I see his ruffled Hair,
His Face with Blood all o'er besmear'd,
And hear his Sighs and Pray'r.
- 4 I see him up the Mountain climb,
And 'tis a moving Sight,
For both his Knees and ev'ry Limb
Tremble with Pain and Fright.
- 5 I see him on the Cross expire,
And sit beneath his Tree,
No better Shade can I desire,
Than this he made for me.
- 6 I melt in Tears, and happy am,
While I admire and gaze
On my Creator made a Lamb,
To save his sinful Race.
- 7 I kiss his Feet like *Magdalene*,
And there such Solace prove,
As cannot be describ'd by Men
Who never were in Love.
- 8 My Heart is so enamour'd here,
Tho' 'tis a Field of Blood,
That Day and Night I here repair,
And meet and talk with God.

- 9 O 'tis the prettiest Walk I've known,
 The pleasant'st Sight I've seen,
 The Mountain where my God is shewn
 In human Figure slain!

HYMN LV.

- 1 **W**HO, who can this believe, who can espy
 For him the great Almighty Maker die?
 And not be quite humbled!
 Abas'd, ashamed
 When *Jesu's* Blood, his Cross or Wounds are named,
 And him adore.
- 2 Fall down and cry and worship Church, by Blood
 So dearly reconcil'd, and bought to God,
His Blood be upon us,
And on our Children,
Amen, and be it found upon our Brethren,
 For evermore!

HYMN LVI.

- S**EE him upon Mount *Calvary*
 In hellish Pain and Torture die,
 Judge what he then went thro':
 Then think how great his Love must be,
 Which made him bear all this for thee,
 This Wrath and Smart and Woe.

HYMN LVII.

- 1 **O** Dearest Saviour, might my Heart
 Be quite giv'n up to Thee!
 O might it, to be always Thine,
 My highest Pleasure be!
- 2 Thy

- 2 Thy Love, with such a jealous Flame,
Would have me wholly Thine;
Thy Blood so shed, demands that I
Should be no longer mine!
- 3 But Lord, what lovest Thou in me?
Thou seest me as I am!
Yet if thou choosest still to love,
Thy choice I will not blame.
- 4 Ah Lord! it is the only Way,
Love is the Master-Art,
To conquer such a Soul as mine,
And break so hard a Heart:
- 5 Here I confess to all the World,
I ne'er should have lov'd Thee,
Had'st Thou not dy'd for me, and first
Shewn such a Love to me.
- 6 O Love, O bleeding Love, I would
Always with thee remain:
O let my Soul with Thee yet more
Inward Acquaintance gain.
- 7 For this I feel, did even I
But know Thee as Thou art:
I from this Time with thousand Joys
Would give Thee all my Heart.
-

HYMN LVIII.

NOW will we go and silent be
And humbly bow both Heart and Knee
Before our Lamb and Head:
We'll venture gladly ev'ry Thing,
At the Command of Christ our King,
By Him we'll be for ever led.

HYMN

HYMN LIX.

- 1 **D**Earest Saviour! thy beloved Bride,
Is enamour'd with thy bleeding Side,
And the Prints in Hands and Feet,
Give her Meditation sweet,
Grant her thereby ever to abide.
- 2 Let each Member's Body and his Soul
Dwell and harbour in each Wound and Hole,
Which the Scourge, the Nails, and Spear,
Made in thy Flesh, Saviour dear!
And thy Blood flow streaming thro' the Whole.
- 3 O how charming is the bloody Tree!
Come ye Sinners hither, come and see!
See here hangs the Lamb of God!
Who redeem'd you thro' his Blood,
And who pardons your Iniquity.
- 4 O how sweetly didst thou call and woo
Us thy Servants, and thy Handmaids too,
Who are all so vile and base,
Where could be such Love and Grace?
There was never such a Lamb, that's true!
- 5 Show'rs of Blessings we have felt indeed,
Far exceeding all and every Need,
For no Servant of our King
Ever lacked any Thing:
'Twas to bless us when he there did bleed.
- 6 Lord, have Mercy on this Land and Place,
And the Labours of thy Servants bless:
Stand by them with Life and Pow'r,
That they ev'ry Day and Hour,
Glad and boldly may thy Crots profess.

HYMN

H Y M N LX.

- 1 **T**HOU dearest Lamb, thy being slaughter'd so,
Is the poor Sinner's Life and Pardon too :
Give me a deep Feeling
Of this Salvation,
And make thy wounded Side my Habitation
For evermore.
- 2 Thou knowest all what's in my Heart, O Lamb,
If thou wilt not receive me as I am,
I must surely perish :
But Thou dost love me,
And, 'midst my Baseness, ever wilt approve me
As thy own Spoil.
- 3 This feel I ev'ry Day most surely true,
Thy Love pursues me wheresoe'er I go,
Yea, when I'm rebellious
And would forget Thee,
Thou dost not punish me, Love will not let Thee ;
But Thou forgiv'st.
- 4 How glad am I that thou so loving art !
That Thou canst bless my base and worthless Heart,
And canst freely bear with
My whole Behaviour ;
O wert thou not exactly such a Saviour
What should I do ?
- 5 Since then thou art so good. I wish to be
A faithful Servant quite resign'd to Thee !
And to feel thy Presence
Each Day more healing.
And the poor Sinner's constant happy Feeling
The holy Shame.

H Y M N LXI.

C H O. I.

- 1 **T**HOU whom thron'd in Heav'n we know,
C H O. II.

Since thy only Son is,
Tho' Lord God, their Brother now,
Father of the Churches.

- 2 To thy Name be always brought
It's due Praise and Glory :
For if Christ thy Son was not,
Father, who could know Thee ?
- 3 Let thy pow'rful Kingdom come,
That Mankind do Homage
To the Lamb who bore their Doom
In the Sinners Image.
- 4 As all Heav'n obeys thy Will,
With deep Adoration ;
So on Earth it shall fulfil
The Lamb's Congregation.
- 5 With our everlasting Bread
Be this Day us Feeding ;
With the Righteousness of God
From the Side so bleeding.
- 6 Pardon us our Trespases,
Like as we're forgiving :
For thro' our Lord's Patience 'tis
That ev'n we are living.
- 7 In Temptation do not lead,
Help us to stand rather
From the Wicked One quite freed,
In the Wounds together.

Amen.

Both C H O.

Amen. *Jesu, Jehovah,*
When we Thee are naming,
To God, Glory, Pow'r and Sway,
Be for ever, Amen.

HYMN LXII.

- 1 **O** Father dear !
 Permit us here
 Low at thy Throne,
 To thank Thee for thy Son,
 Whom thou so graciously
 And free
 Gav'st up to die
 And satisfy
 For *Adam's* Race,
 And what created was.
- 2 And Thou, O Lord !
 Th' eternal Word,
 Who Flesh wert made,
 Our venerable Head !
 O thou beloved Heart !
 Thy Smart,
 Thy Stripes and Blows,
 Preserve thy Spouse
 In constant Peace,
 'Till she can see thy Face.
- 3 Dear Comforter,
 Hear Thou our Pray'r !
 And teach us mild
 Still more of thy dear Child.
 Tell us of Him our God,
 In Blood,
 And let his Bride
 Rejoic'd abide,

In

In teaching this,
That his Cross Wisdom is.

- 4 Fall at his Feet,
 Church 'as 'tis meet :
 He is thy Head,
 Fall down and yet be glad !
 How much hath done for thee,
 Ev'n HE :
 O praise his Name
 With Joy and Shame.
 He's thine, thro' Blood,
 Thy Lamb, thy Spouse, thy God.
-

HYMN LXIII.

WITH Gladness will we waiting stand
 For our Lord Jesus Christ's Command ;
 Tho' separated here below,
 We'll yet in him together flow !
 Hence we at parting need not so complain,
 As if we never were to meet again.

HYMN LXIV.

THE Wounds on thee bestow'd,
 The Blood and Water Flood,
 Thy Heart so full of Pain,
 Thy Death, O Lord and GOD !
 Preserve thy chosen Train
 In the Bond of Love
 Wheresoever they move,
 Till they meet above.

HYMN

H Y M N LXV.

MY very dear Saviour,
My Soul's solid Pleasure
Thou art, and for ever
I count Thee my Treasure :
Where e'er thou art, there is my Heart.

- 2 I am not contented,
Nor happy, nor pleased,
But when thou'rt presented
Before me all bruised :
When Thee I see, it comforts me.
- 3 All Sorrow, and Sighing
Must presently leave me,
When Thee I see dying,
And bleeding, *to save me* :
That Grief of thine, assuages mine.
- 4 O dear bleeding Saviour
I long to embrace Thee !
While thousand Drops cover,
Hang on thee, and grace thee ;
And catch the Juice thy Wounds diffuse.
- 5 For all thy Wounds painful,
Which glad I remember,
I daily am thankful,
And praise their whole Number :
Me, dearest Lamb, thou fav'dst by them.
- 6 Before thy feet, Master,
I cast me, and kiss them,
And closer and faster,
I clasp them, and bless them ;
Nor know I where to be, but *here* !

- 7 Thy Wounds do so charm me,
 I'd there be an Hermit,
 Where nothing can harm me;
 O speak and confirm it!
 Open Benign, and take me in.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **W**H O calls him poor, nor feels within,
 With deepest Shame, his Need,
 His Poverty extreme, and Sin,
 He is not poor indeed.
- 2 But who, from inward Feeling, knows
 His fallen Nature's Frame,
 Under that Sense ashamed goes,
 And sinks before the Lamb.
- 3 The smallest stirrings of his Heart
 With Blushes fill his Face:
 He feels the Cause of Jesu's Smart,
 And thanks him for his Grace.
- 4 How much he God's Redemption wants,
 And Jesu's Blood, he sees:
 And inly groans, and longs, and pants,
 Intirely to be *His*.
- 5 With all my Heart, God Holy Ghost,
 This Suit I make to Thee;
 "Shew me how much my Ransom cost,
 "How great my Poverty!"
- 6 O let me conscious of my Want,
 A thirst for Mercy, sit
 (With all my Weaknesses content,)
 At my dear Saviour's Feet.

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **W**HO would be well acquainted
 With our Creator's Grace,
 Should view him when arraigned,
 At Pilate's Judgment Place ;
 Or when, on that most heavy Day,
In Sweats of Blood he fainted,
And trembling prostrate lay !
- 2 How must those Spirits wonder,
 Who kept their first Estate,
 To hear him groaning *yonder !*
 And view his bloody Sweat,
 Forc'd from him by his Pangs and Smart,
 While Claps of hellish Thunder
 Roll'd on his aching Heart !
- 3 Who knows, that he's JEHOVAH,
 And sees, how low he's bow'd ;
 Beholds aloft the *Tolab **,
 Mock'd by the Jewish Crowd ;
 Who sees his Griefs, his Curse, his Scars,
 His deep torn-open *Pleura*,
He melts in thousand tears.
- 4 This Wisdom (which so gracious
 The Spirit us bestows)
 Renders the Lamb most precious,
 In all his Shame and Woes :
 O be ador'd, God, Holy Ghost !
 For *manifesting Jesus*,
 And what our Ransom cost.

D

5 Thou

* The crucified or hanged one. The Name by
 which the Jews in Scorn call our Saviour.

- 5 Thou Father, God eternal!
 Who gave for us the Lamb,
 Whose Arms, and love Paternal,
 Upheld him in his Aim.
 We bow our Knees to Thee, since Thou
 Hast sav'd from Realms infernal
 Thy Children here below.
- 6 O very loving Saviour!
 With Tears thy Wounds we greet:
 We thank Thee, dear Deliv'rer!
 And promise at thy Feet,
 To give our Hearts and all we have
 To thee henceforth for ever,
 And never will thee leave.

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **T**Hro' all our Congregations, lo!
 Exceeding sweet it sounds,
 When we with *Dulce Jubilo*
 Exalt the Man of Wounds:
 The holy Choirs of Cherubim
 Themselves sing Amen to our Hymns,
 And to the Church above declare,
 How happy we are *here*!
- 2 Our Anthem shall retorted be;
 The Harper's playing Crowd
 Sing it with us in Harmony
 Before *the Lamb of God*:
 It can't be otherwise than thus,
 'The Lamb must mingle too with us,
 Must 'midst his little Hearts appear,
 Who always 'round him are.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXIX.

1 O Ye Wounds of Jesus!
 You alone can ease us
 In all Misery:
 All the happy Churches,
 Which the Lamb did purchase,
 Keep your Jubilee:
 For the Bread, whereby we're fed,
 Is his wounded, torn and bloody,
 Sin devouring Body.

2 Keep thy *chosen* Sion
 From the roaring Lion
 Safe within thy Side:
 The whole Congregation,
 T' whom Blood brought Salvation,
 Loves therein to hide:
 Happy Seat, O safe Retreat!
 In thee will I dwell for ever,
 Go out I will never.

H Y M N LXX.

1 THE Love of Christ shall us inspire,
 And set our happy Hearts on Fire,
 To call the Crowd, who know not God,
 To view the Lamb, the LORD's his Name.
Behold your dying God! we cry,
 In ev'ry Country far and nigh,
 And all to him, shall bow the Knees,
 And all his Love, and Mercy praise,
 With Hallelujah's!
 Beyond the Ethiopian bounds
 A Troop shall come, and kiss his Wounds!

D 2

His

His holy Side shall open wide,
And let the Slaves of Sin, go in.

- 2 The *Star* out of the East is ris'n,
The Captives shall go forth from Pris'n,
Low in the Dust his En'mies must
Asham'd confess his Grace :
The Gentiles shall his Glory see,
And Kings shall his Disciples be :
Those, who in Shades and Darknefs sat,
Bound under Hell's great Potentate,
Shall view the *Day Spring* :
When he, who keeps them, hears our Troop,
He must the Souls deliver up,
He must consent, the Testament
Is fix'd, and seal'd of God, *with Blood*.

- 3 Yet thousands Satan's Hosts detain,
For whom the *Lamb of God* was slain :
Up, up, ye Troop, ye Brethren up !
With Zeal declare, *the LAMB's they are*.
With Wounds resistless Force, go pour
Your Fire on ev'ry Heathen Shore !
GOD's Bloody-Sweat, with Joy proclaim !
And set the Icy Hearts on Flame ;
And 'wake the sleepy.
HE, who to death your Blifs pursu'd,
And shed his last dear Drop of Blood,
Your Aims shall aid, 'till you have made
All Nations own with shame the *LAMB*.

HYMN LXXI.

- 1 **I**N holy Procession
Our Saviour we follow,
Whose Name and Profession,
We honour and hallow :
Without the *Gate*, we track his *set*.

- 2 We join the bless'd Order,
 Our Bishop has shewn us ;
 Thro' ev'ry Land's border,
 His Mark's seen upon us :
 Our Foreheads bear his New-Name there.
- 3 In every Nation
 We chearful confess him,
 And sing his Salvation,
 Adore him, and bless him !
 Tho' Devil's roar, with all their Pow'r.
- 4 We look for such Usage,
 Our Saviour endured :
 His difficult Passage
 We follow, assured,
 To gain our Aim, and see the *Lamb*.
-

HYMN LXXII.

1 **L** Amb on whom thy Church is founded,
 Here, from Heav'n, Praises giv'n
 Thee, for being wounded !

2 Thy deep Wounds are our Foundation :
 Inly dear still they are
 To thy Congregation.

3 Who can their rich Depth discover !
 Who have seen, what they mean,
 With Love flowing over !

2 We 4 These are Wells of our Salvation,
 Dug so deep, for the Sheep
 Of each *Tongue and Nation*.

- 5 These make glad Christ's Bride and Lover,
 Joy impart to each Heart,
 All the Churches over.
- 6 O ye Wounds! who'er has seen you,
 Can't but want, sigh and pant,
 To be kept within you.
- 7 Nothing's so divine and precious!
 Nothing sounds, like *the Wounds!*
Lovely Wounds of JESUS!
-

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **A**H! my Heart's lovely Jesus Christ,
 Thou hast the softest Bed,
 Wherein thy dear Disciples rest,
 Of which so much is said,
 And thought, and sung, and prais'd, and yet
 Felt in the Heart more dear and sweet!
 How well can there a Dove abide?
 All Glory to the SIDE!
- 2 Brought to the Birth, dear Creature thou,
As Jesus struggling dy'd;
 And as the Soldier pierc'd him thro',
Born from his bleeding Side.
 The Soul of Christ thee sanctify,
 His Spirit seal thee graciously:
 His Body torn with many a Wound
 Preserve thee always sound.

H Y M N LXXIV.

W Here agonizing Blood
The reeking Earth did cover,
There each *unlamblike Thought*

I now inter for ever :
Henceforth I move no where,
Who am thy *Flesh and Bone*,
But in the Atmosphere
Of thy dear Corps alone !

H Y M N LXXV.

1 **W** Hat my Soul should bow thee down,
Trials, or Temptation ?
Is not Christ upon the Throne ;
Still thy strong Salvation ?

2 What hast Thou to do with Care ?
Why art thou so busy ?
Christ was slaughter'd ! look thou there !
Let that Scene amuse thee.

3 Cast thy Burthens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour :
He, whose Hands for thee were bor'd,
Will thee sure deliver.

4 See him falling on the Ground,
Troubled in the Garden,
By Hell's Legion's compass'd round ;
Cast on him thy Burden.

- 5 Go, and tell him all thy Woe,
Shew whate'er can grieve thee :
All thy fears, and troubles shew,
Jesus will relieve thee.
- 6 Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,
Turn thee, and discover,
How thy God is Merciful :
Turn thee to *thy* *Lover*.
- 7 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Happy in him make thee :
He, who thee so dearly bought,
Never will forsake thee.
- 8 Leave all earthly Things behind,
All despise for ever :
Count them Dung, and Dross, and Wind,
Only mind thy Saviour.
- 9 Run thou naked, (this is right)
Imitate thy Master :
Lay aside thy ev'ry Weight,
So thou'lt run the faster.
-

H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 **C***Hrist*, our blessed Saviour,
From Sin separated,
Was at Midnight, as a Thief,
Taken up and treated ;
- 2 Dragg'd before a wicked Court,
Falsely there accused,
Laugh'd at, mock'd, and spit upon,
Terribly abused.

- 3 Then was the *most Innocent*
Scourg'd, His Body trembles!
And a Crown of piercing Thorn
Tore his sacred Temples;
- 4 With a Purple Robe He's mock'd,
On all Sides assailed;
And must bear His Cross, on which
He was to be nailed.
- 5 At Noon he was on the Cross,
Naked, pain'd and fainting,
Pouring out his *precious Blood*,
Praying hard, and panting:
- 6 The Spectators and the Thieves
Who hang'd with him, mocking;
'Till the Sun withdrew his Shine
From a Scene so shocking.
- 7 At three, *Jesus* cry'd aloud,
Why am I forsaken!
Then was Vinegar and Gall
Offer'd, but not taken.
- 8 Then he yielded up the Ghost!
All Things fill'd with Wonder!
Graves were open'd, the Veil rent!
Mountains cleft asunder!
- 9 Grant, O *Christ*, thou Son of God!
Thro' thy bitter Passion,
That we may be thy Reward,
And have thy Salvation.
- 10 Let us always weigh the Cause
Of thy Death and Suff'rings:
And for this, tho' poor we are,
Bring Thee our Thank-Off'rings.

H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 **M**Y wounded Prince, thy chosen Race
With everlasting Love embrace :
Let Streams of Life thy Church o'erspread,
For which thy *precious Blood* was shed.
- 2 Thou, *Lamb, from everlasting slain,*
Thou always dost the same remain,
The same kind, loving *Sinner's Friend*;
Whose Years and Mercies never end.
- 3 Thy Blood, and Death upon the Tree,
Our only Meditation be !
Thy Wounds, and Stripes be Day and Night,
Our darling Pleasure and Delight !
- 4 Thro' this bad World thy Ransom'd Guide
Seal'd up within thy bleeding Side :
From Satan's Wrath and Craft therein :
Thy harmless Doves for ever screen.
- 5 Thy just Reward are they, thy Spoil,
The purchase of thy bloody Toil :
This was the Father's firm Decree,
That they thy chosen Race should be.
- 6 Much hated they, despis'd and mean,
Yet while they on the Bridegroom lean,
Let Nations rage, let Devil's roar,
The slaughter'd Lamb they still adore.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **A**LL Glory be to God on high,
Ye Sons of Adam fill the Sky
With Praise and Thankfulness :

God, from an everlasting Love,
Decreed with His dear Son above
A sinful World to Bless !

- 2 Stand still, and see what God has done :
He had but one beloved Son,
And Him he freely gave,
For whom was this ? e'en for a Race
Of cursed Sinners vile and base !
Yea all He came to save.

- 3 All Glory to th' eternal Son,
That he most freely did put on
Our Flesh and Misery,
That He *our God, a Man* was made.
And bore our Curse, our Ransom paid,
By bleeding on the Tree.

- 4 He as a poor mean Child was born,
His Birth no Palace did adorn,
A Manger was his Bed ;
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till Tears of Love thy Eyes o'er-run,
This Babe is Christ our Head.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU, who with Sinners smitten art,
Who dost to Sinners friendly prove ;
We now draw near to view thy Heart,
That Heart, which burns and melts with Love.
We (God for ever be ador'd)
Of that thrice happy Order are,
For whom thou chiefly * gracious Lord
The Scourge, the Thorns, the Cross didst bear,
2 Come

* 1 Tim. 4. 10.

- 2 Come then amongst us, Sinners friend !
 We bind ourselves for ever Thine ;
 For Thee our Lives engage to spend,
 United in thy Love divine :
 Stir, Lord. that we may feel thy Pow'r,
 In Spirit when we Service yield ;
 And let us here and evermore,
 With Seraph's holy Fire be fill'd.
- 3 Come hold a Love-Feast with us, Lord !
 Thy Flesh and Blood the Dainties be ;
 One Look into thy Wounds afford ;
 There let us our Election see !
 We kiss the Prints the Nails have made
 In both thy Hands, and both thy Feet,
 O Love, dear Love ! we should be glad,
 Were ev'ry Day thy Death more sweet.
-

H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 **T**HOU Soul's best Friend, thou tender Heart,
 Who full of Love by Nature art,
 Who ever can presume to say
 He lov'd, ere Thou hadst shewn the Way ?
 Who e'er could boast his Heart was in a Flame,
 Before the Bridegroom woo'd, and overcame ?
- 2 One well may wonder at such Love ;
 All that is in us well may move,
 To think how one so good and great,
 So holy, happy, and compleat,
 Should pant and burn to save lost Men from Hell,
 Who only know to hate him, and rebel.
- 3 Our Enmity's the only Thing
 That we to move Thee, Lord, can bring :

This

This forc'd thee from thy Throne above,
Even to Death this made thee love.
Sweet Lord ! how Kingly doth thy Grace appear ;
O What a Master-piece of Love is here !
4 What coldest Hearts can chuse but burn,
When to thy Love's strong Fire they turn ?
Yes, they must feel a kindling Ray,
Dissolve in Tears and melt away.
Dear Lamb ! thy Love is such an endless Store,
The Wit of Man must silently adore.

H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 **H**OW sweet's the Dream of her that sleeps,
Ev'n Thee, 'Thou happy Bride !
When choosing for thy Rest the Place,
Where thy Beloved dy'd.
- 2 The Bands that bound thy Lover fast,
Unbind thee from thy Pain,
His piercing Cry that soothes thy Soul,
And Sings to sleep again.
- 3 The Nails which caus'd him so much Smart,
Thy heav'nly Seat make fast ;
He bears Thee on his Heart, 'Thou Him,
Sleep on, and take thy Rest.
- 4 Hush, Stir not up the Friend of Christ,
Wake not, the lovely Bride ;
Some Vision causeth her to smile,
She sees his open Side.

H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **W**HAT then is our Answer when ask'd who
 we are,
 Since Strangers and Pilgrims to all we appear ?
 We simply confess, we are Sinners, whom God
 Came down from his Throne, and redeem'd with
 his Blood.
- 2 This each can affirm, I am dear to the Lamb ;
 Who looks on his Bosom, can read there my Name ;
 Upon his dear Forehead, his Back, Feet, and
 Hands,
 Engraven th' Account of my Ransom-price stands.
- 3 He carried me careful, when travail'd his Soul ;
 I shar'd not his Sorrows, he suffer'd the whole ;
 And when his dear Heart by the Soldier was torn,
 I out of his *Pleura* was really born.
- 4 Long as in his Bus'ness the Nations I trace,
 His Blood and his Wounds shall continue my Pass :
 Tho' Death and Hell's Armies t'oppose my Course
 stood,
 Like Lightning they fly at the Sound of the *Blood*.
- 5 Who hear our Confession, shall set to their Seal ;
 The Saviour's will own us, the others will rail ;
 And we like a Snow-ball, the longer we roll,
 Shall gather our own, till we gather the whole.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

BLOODY Reconciler,
 Thy Cross Church's Healer !

If Times numberless
 I thy Feet embraced,
 Wept them wet and kissed
 For electing Grace ;
 Yet I nought
 Thereby had wrought,
 For thy Smarts reward now seize me,
 Yea and Thousands with me.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **S**AY, Priestests of Jesus attending beneath
 The Cross's red Altar, where God bled to
 Death !
 What is it you offer ? what causes the smell,
 Which pleases the Father *Jehovah* so well ?
- 2 We hallow'd with Water and Sweat from the Lamb,
 With Blood sprinkled Garments, and Censers on
 Flame,
 With thousands of Joys at his Altar are found ;
 Our Incense is Tears, Sweat, and Blood from each
 Wound.
- 5 But nothing so weighty or right to you seems,
 Nor ought in your praying, or pteaching, or
 Hymns,
 As Jesus his dying, his Wounds and his Blood ;
 Is nothing else worthy to burn before God ?
- 4 O no, our Lamb's Father and Spirit rever'd,
 Do nothing like Jesu's sweet Off'ring regard ;
 There's nought brought before him which he esteems
 Good,
 Unless it ascends in the Smoke of the Blood.

- 5 What then is the Lamb pray? or what has he
done,
That he and his Suff'rings are weighty alone?
Our Lamb is our Maker, who nail'd on the Cross
In Flesh, has atton'd for and reconcil'd us.
- 6 We pray you this Matter more fully explain,
And wherefore he needed for you to be slain?
What was the strange Reason he suffer'd and bled,
Since he was Creator, and all Things had made?
- 7 He saw, when thro' *Adam* the Curse enter'd in,
And view'd the lost World in its Ruin and Sin;
And 'cause all the Evils came in by a Man,
He Man would become, and restore it again.
- 8 How was this accomplish'd, and how was appeas'd,
The Vengeance and Wrath, Disobedience had
rais'd?
What Means has he used, what Pains did it cost
For him to redeem and restore what was lost?
- 9 His own Flesh and Blood for an Off'ring he gave,
With Prayers to him who was able to save;
In agonies dreadful and Mis'ry he dy'd;
Thus brought to the Birth, we were born from his
Side.
- 10 In op'ning the Side then some Mystery lay?
The second Man Jesus as he dy'd away,
Would, as the first *Adam*, have born his dear
Bride,
His favoured Church as a Rib from his Side:
- 11 But why did he bleed? could his bleeding do good?
There was no Remission without shedding Blood,
Nor yet could the Blood of all Creatures atone,
The Wrath was so great, which made God shed
his own.

- 12 Did all the Wrath cease at the Death of the Lamb?
 So soon as the Blood on Mount *Calvary* came:
 Scarce were his Hands bor'd, or he to the Cross-
 bound, [Ground.
 But Peace was proclaim'd, and the Curse left the
- 13 But how did the Godhead regard the pain'd Son?
 It help'd him, well pleas'd at what he had done,
 And only for sake of his Death has forgiv'n,
 And reconcil'd all Things in Earth and in Heav'n.
- 14 Now can one, since Jesus our Off'ring is slain,
 Whate'er of the Father one wishes, obtain?
 O yes, and while Seraphim trembling do gaze,
 A Sinner can go to him near as he please.
- 15 If now one would even approach thro' the Lamb
 The Father of Jesus, in Jesus's Name,
 Can one be admitted? O yes and abide
 Beholding his Glory in Jesu's pierc'd Side.
- 16 The Oil of his Sweat by the Spirit bestow'd,
 Anoints who approach him, the Priests of their
 God:
 Whoe'er of his Blood the least Drop can obtain,
 Continues before him unspotted and clean.
- 17 O Saviour, O Maker, O Lord God and Lamb!
 Anoint us, and fill thou our Cen'ters with Flame:
 And we in white Garments will ministring stay,
 And we from thine Altar will ne'er go away.

H Y M N LXXXV.

THE Lamb, with all his Grief and Smart,
 Remains the Pleasure of my Heart,
 Long as it moves in me:
 Yea, even when it beats no more,
 There, where the Spear his Side did bore,
 I have my Plate e ernally.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **O** Head so full of Bruises,
 So full of Pain and Scorn,
 Midst other fore Abuses
 Mock'd with a Crown of Thorn !
 O Head e'er now surrounded
 With brightest Majesty,
 Now pitiably wounded !
 Accept a Kifs from me.
- 2 Thou Countenance transcendent,
 At other Times rever'd
 By Worlds on thee dependent,
 With Spittle now besmear'd !
 How art Thou grown so fallow ?
 Who has those gracious Eyes,
 Whose Radiance knew no Fellow,
 Clouded in cruel Wife ?
- 3 Thy Cheeks so florid Colour,
 Thy Lips once rosy Grace,
 Pale Death, and heavy Dolour
 Did utterly deface :
 Did thy whole Body wasted
 To such a State reduce,
 That there it lay exhausted
 Of Bloom, and Strength, and Juice.
- 4 Now Lord, what Thee tormented,
 Was properly my Load ;
 I had the Debt augmented,
 Which thou didst pay in Blood.
 Here stand I blushing Sinner,
 On whom Wrath ought to light :
 But now, my Health's Beginner !
 Thy Grace salutes my Sight.

- 5 Assert me, my Preserver!
My Shepherd, for me care!
How many, all Good's Giver,
To me thy Benefits are!
Thy Mouth with Words like Honey
And Milk hath me bedew'd;
Thy Spirit with Patrimony
Of heav'nly Joy endu'd.
- 6 I'll here with Thee continue;
(Tho' poor despise me not)
I'm one of thy Retinue:
As were I on the Spot,
When, earning my Election,
Thy Heart-strings broke in Death,
I'll wait with soft Affection,
And catch thy latest Breath.
- 7 It gives me solid Pleasure,
My Heart does not recoil,
When I dive in some Measure
Into thy Pangs and Toil:
Yea could I, my Life's Founder!
Upon thy Death and Cross
My own Life lose, up-render,
How sweet would be that Loss?
- 8 I thank thee with good Reason,
O Jesu, Friend in Need!
For thy Death's bitter Season,
To which thy Love agreed.
Grant me to lean unshaken
On thy Fidelity,
Until from hence I'm taken
The Wounds themselves to see.
- 9 When shall I get Permission
To leave this mortal Tent,
(From Pains and Griefs dismissal)
Thyself just then present;

And

- And let my Mouth expiring
 On thy dear Breast recline,
 And be true Life acquiring
 From that pierc'd Heart of thine.
- 10 Appear as my Protector,
 Who turns to Joy all Tears;
 My Flesh and Bone (no Spectre)
 With all thy Crofs's Scars:
 While I thy gentle Visage
 Survey, how glad and bold
 Shall I receive the Message,
 And let my Limbs grow cold ?
-

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **A** Rise ye who are Captive led,
 Complain no more for Christ our Head,
 From ev'ry Sin relieves;
 Redemption He'll to none deny,
 His precious Name is Jesus: Why?
 He saves whoe'er believes.
- 2 When Floods of Wrath divine arose,
 When Heav'n and Earth, and Hell were Foes,
 My Jesus prov'd a Friend;
 His bleeding Wounds a shelt'ring Place,
 A Refuge sure in my Disgrace,
 His Blood from Vengeance screen'd.
- 3 For all the Holy One made Sin,
 Nail'd to the Crofs my Soul to win,
 His Blood he freely spilt;
 And now his Righteousness divine,
 Imputed to my Faith is mine,
 Removing Sin and Guilt.

- 4 Acquainted he with deepeſt Grief,
Our Sorrows bore, and as a Thief
Hung on th' accuſed Tree ;
In him the faireſt Son of Men,
Nor Form, nor Comelineſs was ſeen :
O Depth of Miſtery !
- 5 He kindly took our Fleſh and Blood,
Now without Bluſh his Brotherhood,
His Stock and Kindred owns ;
His God our God and Father is,
What glorious Privilege is this
To his redeemed Ones !
- 6 The Judge of all condemned was
To Death, to gain our woful Cauſe,
The Prince of Life was ſlain :
The Lord delighted in his Death,
And would have ev'ry Soul by Faith
Salvation to obtain.
- 7 The Son, tho' on the Godhead's Throne,
Will ne'er diſclaim his Fleſh and Bone,
But like a tender Nurſe,
The Sucklings feed with Breasts of Love,
And ſhow'r his Mercies from above,
For he's the living Source.
- 8 His Promiſes he cannot break,
Never a helpleſs Soul forſake,
For Life and Blood he pawn'd ;
Tho' Storms and Waves with Fury beat,
Yea ev'n in ſi'ry Trials Heat,
The Rocks unſhaken ſtand.
- 9 Jehovah's Strength with me abides,
While Chriſt himſelf in me reſides,
Immanuel, God with us :
Let Satan roar, let Hell aſſail,
The Bridegroom's Heart can never fail,
The Serpent's Head he'll bruife.
- 10 Re-

- 10 Rejoice, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply,
 With Praise, ye Sinners, fill the Sky,
 All Grace his Death procures :
 Your Woes with Blessings are exchang'd,
 You in his Children's Order rang'd,
 Eternal Life is yours.
-

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 **C**ongregation ! Christ's Relation !
 Be for ever glad and well,
 Thro' the Suff'ring, and the Off'ring,
 Which hath ransom'd thee from Hell.
- 2 He, who cleaveth, moves and liveth
 Ev'ry Hour in Jesu's Wounds ;
 Whose Heart gloweth, and who goeth
 In the Light which there abounds :
- 3 He who blesses and embraces
 That dear Heart, so full of Grief ;
 Who relying on his dying,
 Finds in all his Wants Relief :
- 4 He dare answer, when demanded :
Who he is ? and whence he came ?
I'm a Sinner, and a Lover
Of the Child from Betlehem.
- 5 *Jesu's dying makes thee joying,*
Church of Philad lphia !
 Who hath dearer Things or nearer,
Goes Laodicea's Way.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 **A**FTER the Labours of thy Life,
Thou, Jesu, on the Cross did'st die ;
Thou suffer'dst much on our Behalf,
And did'st Thou merit nought thereby ?
Forbid that Thought ! Thy Blood indeed
Has purchas'd ev'ry Grace we need.
- 2 We need not lie in Chains of Sin,
In Fear and Darkneſs all our Days ;
If but our Hearts have Thee within,
Our Mouths can gladly ſound thy Praise :
Numbers of Slaves thou haſt made free,
For where Grace is, there's Liberty.
- 3 There's ſome ſtrange Virtue in thy Death,
Which may we daily more diſcern ;
Something that can a new Life breath
Into the Soul and make it burn :
Thank him all ye who know indeed
This Truth, that he did for you bleed.
- 4 You, who were Slaves of Sin before,
The ſaying chearfully repeat :
“ Thou, Lord for Love of us haſt bore
“ Contempt and Pain and bloody Sweat ;
“ Our Souls from Sin and Hell to free,
“ And win our Hearts to follow Thee ! ”
-

H Y M N XC.

- 1 **C**ould but the World its Wiſh obtain,
No, not a Chriſtian would remain,
All would to Wreck and Ruin run,
What Jeſus by his Paſſion won.

2 But

- 2 But let the World oppose and rave,
Its dev'lish Wish it ne'er can have;
That Cause shall never suffer Harm,
Which rests on Jesu's out-stretch'd Arm,
- 3 For while our Master rules above,
It will each Day more glorious prove;
While he sits down on God's Right-hand,
It must and will unshaken stand.
- 4 Indeed we own if once they can
Dethrone the high exalted Man;
Then Evil with us will it be,
A Prospect sad we then shall see.
- 5 But I am absolutely sure
Our Lord will ever sit secure;
For ever will our Shepherd prove,
And we for ever feel his Love.
- 6 Thus in our Lamb we Refuge find,
Fear neither Storm, nor angry Wind;
In Danger chearful, void of Care,
No Enemy can touch a Hair.
- 7 For these our God has number'd all,
Without his Leave not one can fall;
If in the least He is so true,
What won't He in the greater do.

H Y M N XCI.

- 1 **G**O forth, in Spirit go
To *Cal'ry's* holy Mount!
See there thy Friend between two Thieves,
Suff'ring on thy Account.

- 2 Fall at his Cross's Foot,
And say, my God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those Wounds
Which Life for me procur'd !
- 3 Fix on that Face thine Eye ;
Why dost thou backward shrink ?
What a base Rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.
- 4 Fear not, for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white Robes of Righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.
- 5 Or art thou at a Loss
What thou to him shalt say ?
Be but sincere, and all thy Case
Just as it is display.
- 6 That Heart our Saviour loves,
Which does not strive to wave
Pretences fair, to sooth itself,
And his sharp Eyes deceive.

H Y M N XCII.

- 1 JESU, Thou Sinner-loving Lord,
Fulness of Life, and Peace divine ;
'Touch with thy chearing, quick'ning Word
This cold, this lifeless Heart of mine ;
Speak from thy blest'd Abode above,
O'ercome and melt me into Love.
- 2 I own I am a Sinner vile :
From Unbelief is all my Smart ;
But ah ! chastise me with a Smile,
And holy Shame shall warm my Heart ;
E Again

Again will I in Transport sweet,
Adore thy Wounds, and kiss thy Feet.

- 3 Give me a little While to lean
My troubled Head upon thy Breast,
There will I learn to love again,
And lose my Cares, and find my Rest:
'Tis only there my Wants will cease,
The Port of Bliss, the Sphere of Peace.

- 4 *Thence* will I wonder at my Fears,
And bless and own the Lord my Chief;
I'll bless thee with a Thousand Tears,
And hate this sullen Unbelief:
Thence will I learn to doubt no more,
But trust thy Love, and wait thy Pow'r.

H Y M N XCIII.

- 1 **I**S there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort give or satisfy,
But my dear Saviour's Wounds?
There is a sweet and constant Peace,
A Treasure hid of richest Grace,
All else are empty Sounds.
- 2 Yet sink my Soul, fall down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To suffer, bleed, and die;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his gracious Blood was spilt,
Thou didst him crucify.
- 3 See thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy Lust,
Till Drops of Blood fall down:
See who it is lies prostrate there,
Hear his thrice utter'd mournful Pray'r,
Mark ev'ry Sigh and Groan.

- 4 I'm lost in Wonder and Amaze,
Here I'll abide and melt and gaze,
 'Tis God's beloved Son !
How heavy is that Weight he bears,
His Soul's oppress'd with Grief and Tears,
 The bitter Cup comes on.
- 5 Lord dost thou suffer this for me ?
Dost Thou feel all this Misery,
 To give me Life and Peace ?
Then will I bear this on my Heart,
My All is purchas'd with thy Smart,
 Thy Blood signs my Release.
- 6 But see thy Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
For thee he bore this Shame and Grief,
 Scorns, Buffetings, and Stripes ;
See him nail'd to the Cross's Wood,
Despis'd by Man, and bath'd in Blood
 Thy Debt away this wipes.
- 7 Yet look again and thou shalt see
O'er Death he's got the Victory,
 And stands at God's Right-hand,
A Priest for ever to remain,
The Lamb from everlasting slain,
 His Kingdom fast shall stand,
- 8 Behold in Heav'n all bow the Knee
To him who hung upon the Tree,
 And Adoration pay :
Then, O my Soul, do thou aspire
In Heart and Soul to join this Choir,
 And thy dear Lord obey.

H Y M N XCIV.

I Thirst thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing Blood :
To dwell within thy Wounds ; then Pain
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2 Take my poor Heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee !
Seal thou my Breast, and let me wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

3 How blest are they, who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side !
Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live !

4 What are our Works but Sin and Death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe !
Thou giv'st the Pow'r thy Grace to move,
O wond'rous Grace ! O boundless Love !

5 How can it be, Thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st us to Glory bring !
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never fading Crown !

6 Hence our Hearts melt, our Eyes o'erflow,
Our Words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside,
My Lord, My Love is crucify'd.

7 Ah Lord ! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders Thou hast wrought !
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue, to tell
Thy Love, immense, unsearchable.

- 8 First born of many Brethren Thou,
To thee, lo! all our Souls we bow :
To thee our Hearts and Hands we give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.
-

H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **I**'VE thought, and thought, and thought again,
Still did my Thoughts to nothing come,
Till weary'd, I cry'd out for Grace;
And then the Saviour took me Home.
- 2 Now safe he hides me in his Wounds,
And nurses me because I'm poor,
With Reas'ning dark and dismal Thoughts
I need perplex myself no more.
- 3 I lead me each Day, for Lord thou know'st
I long to be ev'n as thou art;
For since I've tasted Thy free Grace,
I can't but love Thee in my Heart.
- 4 I'll make a Cov'nant then with thee;
Never to be dissolv'd again,
Thy poor Child I will always be,
And Thou my Father shalt remain.
- 5 And when at any Time I stray,
Or Satan, would my Soul assail,
Unto thy Blood and Wounds I'll flee,
That Refuge which can never fail.

H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 **L**AMB, Lamb, O Lamb, my Sacrifice !
My Heart delights to worship thee,
Since by the Gift of Faith I know,
Thou wast made *Man* to die for *me*.
- 2 Thou Lamb, hast broke the Chains of Sin,
Captive hast led Captivity ;
And Satan now must trembling own,
I'm thine, because thou dy'dst for me.
- 3 Now when my Sins appear, and I
My Heart in its worst Light do see ;
I own 'tis true, and thank the Lamb,
That could vouchsafe to die for me.
- 4 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame,
How does he watch to keep me free ?
O none can think the tender Care
Of that dear Lamb, who dy'd for me.
- 5 Whether the World goes right or wrong,
Whate'er my Circumstances be,
Where'er I'm sent, or move, or turn,
I find the Lamb, who dy'd for me.
- 6 When I would ask for any Thing
I want, I have no other Plea,
But, *Abba*, Father, give me this,
Because the Lamb hath dy'd for me.
- 7 When to the Gates of Death I come,
This shall alone my Passport be,
And Death must let me go, because
He knows the Lamb hath dy'd for me.

- Can any find the smallest Curse,
Or Debt, from which I am not free?
No, there's not one : For all was paid,
And finish'd when he dy'd for me.
- 9 Should I be ask'd, how long shalt Thou
Enjoy this Happiness ? I'll say ;
While poor in Spirit I remain,
He'll let me know he dy'd for me.
- 10 Perhaps this Truth may fail ? No, no,
When Heav'n and Earth away shall flee:
It stands secure upon his Word
And Oath, that he has dy'd for me.
- 11 Or should one ask, Can no one else
Have part in this great Mystery?
Yes, all, the worst, without Respect,
Have Right to say, he dy'd for me.
- 12 For the Confusion, Fear, and Sin,
Yea, and the World's whole Misery,
Comes all from this, they don't believe
In him who dy'd for them and me.
- 13 What Love is this my dearest Lamb ?
I'll serve no other Lord but Thee :
It is but right that I should live
To thee, when thou hast dy'd for me.
- 14 And while the heav'nly Choir *above*,
Praise thee with sweetest Harmony,
My Heart with all the Strength it has,
Shall sing *below*, Thou dy'dst for me.

H Y M N XCVII.

- 1 **L**AMB! Lamb ! O Lamb ! so greatly try'd,
 So griev'd, and yet so lov'd,
 My Heart's no longer mine, no, no,
 'Tis now the Lamb's approv'd ;
 The standard Cross, the streaming Wounds,
 Have claim'd it for their own ;
 The Wages now, the due Reward
 Of Jesu's Blood alone.
- 2 The Blood-Sweat which with glowing warmth
 Down from thy Body flow'd,
 Bedew'd the Earth ; and ev'ry Curse
 In all the Book of God,
 (That o'er the guilty Head of Man
 Did fiery Wrath display)
 This healing Stream, with ev'ry Drop,
 For ever wash'd away.
- 3 **H**ear World ! the Hero Lamb of God,
 Who came and sojourn'd here,
 Freely took all upon himself,
 And liv'd some thirty Year,
 Despis'd indeed, and poor and mean,
 And on a Cross was slain ;
 He's the Redemption Ransom Price,
 For me and ev'ry Man.
- 4 By this I stand, for this great Truth
 I'll venture Life and Blood ;
 Stand by me, strengthen me, my God !
 To make this Witness good ;
 Help me to bring ten thousand Souls,
 The same free Grace to feel :
 Henceforth I'll Preach it more and more,
 The Lamb will set his Seal.

HYMN XCVIII.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, Thou didst shed
Thy precious Blood for me;
O dwell within my worthless Heart,
And let me live to thee,
Thou callest all, O Lord,
To come to Thee and live;
I therefore come with all my Sins,
I know Thou canst forgive.
- 2 My Lamb, and Saviour dear!
I long to see Thy Face,
To know Thee more and more by Faith,
I pray Thee give me Grace.
And when this Life is o'er,
O may I dwell with thee,
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.
-

HYMN XCIX.

- 1 **M**Y wounded Prince enthron'd on high,
After thy Blood A-thirst I cry,
In thee I long to rest
Reclining on thy loving Heart
I'm strangely well and ev'n my Smart
Is wholesome, good, and greatly blest.
- 2 After Thy Grace a-thirst to be,
Already That's to hang on Thee;
To feel thy Love alone,
That's to possess thee, Sinners Friend;
Ev'n parting all for thee to spend.
This in thy Book is noted down.

E 5

3 O take

- 3 O take me by the Hand and Heart,
 Gracious and loving as thou art,
 And deep thy Seal impress;
 Keep me shut up secure and free
 From earthly Noise and Misery;
 Thyself find always free Access!
- 4 I lov'd Thee little, gracious Lord,
 Tho' by the heav'nly Host ador'd,
 Ere I thy People lov'd:
 The Beauties of thy chosen Race,
 Of being smitten with thy Grace
 The wonderful Occasion prov'd.
-

H Y M N C.

- 1 **O** Thou the fairest of Mankind,
 Thy Beauty strikes both Heart and Mind:
 Yet nothing is so fair in Thee,
 As thy sweet Form upon the Tree.
- 2 Thy Cross whenever it appears,
 It melts the hardest Heart to Tears:
 Its Virtue no one can express,
 Who feels it, he feels Happiness.
- 3 Thy Blood, which was so freely spilt
 For ev'ry Sinner's Debt and Guilt,
 The Nail-holes and the pierced Side,
 And ev'ry Stripe, revive the Bride.
- 4 Away, ye Painters, with your Art!
 The Spirit paints within the Heart;
 Draws to the Life the bloody Tree,
 And lets us it in Spirit see.
- 5 O Lord, this Object deep impress
 In each of Thy dear Witnesses:
 Let nought by them be so much ey'd
 As Jesus, and him crucify'd.

H Y M N

H Y M N C I.

- 1 P Raifes to thee, God Holy Ghost, we fend,
Who dost the Lamb's Attonement recommend,
And of that sole Fountain
Of all Salvation,
Canst so distinctly give us Intimation,
That we it know.
- 2 A precious Myſtery it is indeed ;
The bleſſed Angels ſtill to learn proceed
More of God's deep Wiſdom,
Which they ſo value,
And by Chriſt's Church, and his elect Retinue,
They trace it out.
- 3 The Well-ſpring therefore of true Wiſdom this,
And ſince to us reveal'd that Myſ'try is,
We than all the wiſe ones,
That have been ever,
Whate'er of Science they could elſe diſcover,
Are happier far.
- 4 Thanks to Thee for that Croſs's Knowledge, Lord,
For thou indeed thy Blood in vain hadſt pour'd,
If to Sanctify us
Ought elſe avail'd,
Beſides thy dear Wounds, if ought could be call'd
The Soul's Support.
- 5 This is what ought our Subject now to be,
This ſhould we preach, O Croſs's Church, to thee,
" To all Souls Succels is
" Promis'd by Jeſus,
" 'Tis his chief Pleaſure to relieve and bleſs Us,
" His Heart's Delight."

- 6 What Wonder, speak of nothing else we can,
 But of the Sum and Price, and of the Man,
 Who so kindly paid it
 Us Worms to purchase,
 Us into his Death happily baptiz'd has,
 And leaves us not !
-

H Y M N CII.

- 1 **S**EE World, upon the Bloody Tree,
 Thy Life there sinks in Death,
 Cover'd with Stripes and Wounds for thee,
 Thy Saviour yields his Breath.
- 2 Behold his body fwims in Blood ;
 Out of his tender Heart,
 Deep Sighs and Groans he sends to God,
 In his excessive Smart.
- 3 Thou Prince of Glory, knew'st no Sin,
 What caus'd Thee then thy Pain ?
 Thou harmless, undefil'd, and clean,
 What caus'd Thee to be slain ?
- 4 My Sins as num'rous as the Sands
 Upon the Ocean Shore,
 Have been the cruel murd'rous Hands
 That wounded Thee so fore.
- 5 Thy Anguish, thy tormenting Pain,
 And ev'ry dreadful Woe,
 Thou didst so willingly sustain,
 My Soul *should* undergo.
- 6 Thou on thy Shoulders tak'st the whole,
 To ease my burthen'd Heart ;
 Thou bear'st the Curse, to bless my Soul,
 And heal'st me with thy Smart.

- 7 Thy wond'rous Love to Evidence,
Thou would'st my Surety be;
Thyself would'st pay my Debt immense,
Thereby to set me free.
- 8 Thou art Destruction to the Grave,
Death's Enemy severe;
That each who was before his Slave,
Might now be sav'd from Fear.
- 9 My Debt to thee, dear wounded Love,
Weak Words cannot express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Shew proper Thankfulness.
- 10 Grant me but this while I am here,
(Since I can nothing give)
Thy Suff'rings in my Heart to bear,
And in thy Death to live.
-

HYMN CIII.

- 1 **T**Each me yet more of thy blest Ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God!
And fix and root me in thy Grace
So dearly bought with Blood.
- 2 O tell me often of each Wound,
Of ev'ry Smart and Pain;
And let my Heart with Joy confess
From hence comes all my Gain.
- 3 For this O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but Loss;
And ev'ry Name and ev'ry Thing
Compar'd with this, but Dross.

- 4 Answer me, tender gracious Lamb
 Why didst Thou die for me?
 Me full of Sin and void of Worth!
 The Cause was all in Thee.
- 5 Thy loving Heart could never bear
 To see me bleeding lie,
 To see me fall a Prey to Death;
 Thyself wouldst rather die.
- 6 Ingrave this deeply in my Heart
 With an eternal Pen,
 That I may in my small Degree,
 Return thy Love again.
- 7 But who can pay that mighty Debt,
 Or equal Love like thine?
 Thou wert, when sorely wounded thus,
 A Person all Divine.
- 8 O rather give me daily more,
 More ev'ry Hour to see,
 That thou a bounteous Giver art,
 I must a Debtor be.

H Y M N C I V.

- 1 **T**HE first-begotten Son of God
 Takes up with Mortals his Abode;
 He who was sworn to *Abraham*,
 Whoever was and is the same;
 He came, and hidden Mysteries reveal'd,
 Which from the World's Foundations were conceal'd.
- 2 Into which Things, with wishful Eye,
 Angels themselves desir'd to pry;
 For they beheld Man's Wretchedness;
 His Slavery and deep Distress.
 They saw him plung'd in Sin and Misery;
 But yet that Love was stirring could they see,
- 3 The

- 3 The fiery Law, that came between,
Was an Establishment too mean,
Too weak, Salvation to restore ;
It Sin expos'd, but could no more,
It bid us do, but could not Strength impart,
It knew to wound, but not to heal the Heart.
- 4 Then Love break forth, " Behold me still
" Prepar'd, O God, to do thy Will !
" I freely come, I freely die,
" For guilty Man to satisfy ;
" I in Man's stead, will hang upon the Tree,
" From Sin, and Death, and Hell to set him free !"
- 5 And thus for our imputed Guilt
Our Surety's precious Blood was spilt ;
The Sins of all on him were laid,
And He for all has fully paid ;
And now doth God for Children dear receive
All Sorts of Sinners, who on him believe.
- 6 We dead in Sins and Trespasses,
The narrow Way to Life and Peace,
Had neither Will nor Power to find,
Nor was our Heart at all inclin'd
To wish, or ask, that Happiness to know,
Which only from the Saviour's Wounds can flow.
- 7 Out of pure Grace, unmerited,
Salvation showers on our Head :
Merely because the Lord has dy'd,
Because a Lamb was crucify'd,
Are we invited to possess a Throne,
Before the World was made, ordain'd our own.
- 8 Hence the good Patriarchs of old,
In Faith were confident and bold,
They spy'd their native Land from far,
And wish'd already to be there,
With vehement Desire thereafter strove,
As Pilgrims on the Earth content to rove.

9 In Faith these stedfast liv'd and dy'd,
 Long e'er the Lamb was crucify'd:
 We who in Faith's blest Season live,
 We also heartily believe,
 And in our Saviour's bleeding Wounds can find
 What they pursu'd with all their Heart and Mind.

10 Blood of my Saviour's Wounds! (how dear
 This Sound to each Believer's Ear!)
 What Multitudes ev'n now can feel,
 Thy Energy, and settling Seal?
 Thou God unsearchable! Thou Lamb once slain!
 Let us once feel thy Blood, and Health obtain.

HYMN CV.

- 1 **T**HE Lamb is slain, let us adore,
 And own how wonderful the Grace;
 Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
 And silent bow before his Face;
 Who feel his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
 Serve without Dread, with Rev'rence love.
- 2 The Lamb is slain, him Day and Night,
 Th' united Choirs of Angels sing,
 To Him, enthron'd above all Height,
 Heav'n's Hosts their noblest Praises bring,
 While here poor Sinners join the Song,
 And praise him with a flamm'ring Tongue.
- 3 Gladly our own poor Works we leave,
 Wealth, Honour, Fame for thee alone;
 To thee our Flesh, Soul, Spirit give,
 Thy Death hath claim'd them for thy own;
 We take thee hence to be our Lord,
 Be thou in ev'ry Heart ador'd.

- 4 Saviour of Sinners, may thy Blood
Our Hearts with Peace and Power fill;
Still may we make thy Flesh our Food,
Still hear and love thy Sov'reign Will;
Still more to thee united be,
By an unfeign'd Simplicity.
 - 5 Thro' thee we live, for thou hast drown'd
Our Hell, our Curse, our Sins and all
In this unfathomable Sea;
Fall Prostrate, lost in Wonder fall,
Ye Sinners, for the Lamb is slain,
Who dy'd that we might Life regain.
 - 6 As Ground when parch'd with Summer's Heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome Show'r,
So may we list'ning at thy Feet,
Catch ev'ry Word, and feel thy Pow'r,
O let nought in our Hearts remain,
But this great Truth, *The Lamb is slain.*
-

H Y M N C V I.

- 1 **T**HE Soul of Christ me Sanctify;
His Spirit Seal me graciously;
His Body torn with many a Wound,
That make my Soul and Body Sound!
- 2 The Water spouting from thy Side,
The Soldier's Spear had open'd wide;
That be my Bath, and let thy Blood,
Cleanse me, and bring me near to God.
- 3 The Blood-sweat trickling down thy Face,
Assure my Heart of purchas'd Grace;
Thy Cross, thy Sufferings and thy Pain
My everlasting Strength remain.

4 Dear

- 4 Dear Jesu, grant this my Request,
Take, hide me quite within thy Breast;
And grant me in thy Wounds to dwell,
Secure from all the Pow'rs of Hell.

H Y M N CVII.

- 1 **T**HOU Jesus art our King,
Thy ceaseless Praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad Tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,
While we vital Breath enjoy,
While eternal Ages roll.
- 2 Thou art the eternal Light,
That shin'st in deepest Night:
Wond'ring gaz'd th' Angelic Train,
While thou bow'dst the Heav'ns beneath,
God with God, wert Man with Man,
Man to save from endless Death.
- 3 Thou for our Pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our Sickness born:
All our Sins on thee were laid:
Thou with unexampled Grace,
All the mighty Debt hast paid,
Due from *Adam's* helpless Race.
- 4 Thou hast o'erthrown the Foe,
God's Kingdom fix'd below;
Conqu'ror of all adverse Pow'r,
Thou Heav'n's Gates has open'd wide;
Thou thine own dost lead secure,
In thy Cross, and by thy Side.

- 5 Enthron'd above yon Sky,
'Thou reign'st with God most high,
Prostrate at thy Feet we fall:
Pow'r Supreme to thee is giv'n;
Thee the Righteous Judge of all,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.
- 6 Cherubs with Seraphs join,
And in thy Praise combine:
All their Choirs thy Glories sing;
Who shall dare with thee to vie?
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sov'reign both of Earth and Sky!
- 7 The venerable Train,
Patriarchs, First-born of Men;
And the Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose Strength they faithful prov'd,
Join t'extol his sacred Name,
Whom in Life and Death they lov'd.
- 8 The Church, thro' all her Bounds,
With thy high Praise resounds:
Confessors undaunted *here*,
Unasham'd, proclaim their King;
Children's feeble Voices *there*,
To thy Name Hosannahs sing.
- 9 'Midst Dangers blackest frown,
Thee Hosts of Martyrs own:
Pain, and Shame alike they dare,
Firmly singularly good;
Glorying Thy Cross to bear,
Till they seal their Faith with Blood.
- 10 Wide Earth's remotest Bound
Full of thy Praise is found:

And

And all Heav'n's eternal Day
 With thy streaming Glory flames;
 All thy Foes shall melt away,
 From th' insufferable Beams.

- 11 O Lord, O God of Love,
 Let us thy Mercy prove!
 King of all, with pitying Eye,
 Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel,
 'Midst the Snares of Death we lie,
 'Midst the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

- 12 Arise, stir up thy Pow'r,
 Thou deathless Conqueror!
 Help us to obtain the Prize.
 Help us well to close our Race,
 That with thee above the Skies,
 Endless Joys we may possess.

HYMN CVIII.

- 1 **N**O Condemnation reaches those,
 Whom Jesu's bleeding Wounds inclose;
 They shelter find in all Distress,
 And wear the Saviour's Righteousness.
- 2 I, that true Happiness do know,
 Which Jesus only can bestow,
I know for me the Lamb was slain,
 His Blood-bought Sinner I remain.

HYMN CIX.

Here to we chearful say, Amen,
This Truth is most avow'd,
That we in Spirit, Body, Soul,
Are bound to serve that God,
Who, dying, drew, and woo'd our Hearts,
And conquer'd us by Love,
To him have we engag'd ourselves,
O may we faithful prove.

HYMN CX.

- ¹ **C**ould we Sinners fully tell,
How our Hearts with Rapture swell,
We'd not scruple to declare
'Fore the Angels what we share ;
- ² But our Words can no ways bring
Honour to our God and King,
Sing ye Choirs before his Throne
While our Hearts with Shame melt down.
-

HYMN CXI.

NOW shall thy bleeding Heart rejoice,
And thou o'er us be glad,
Now shalt thou see thy dear Reward,
And all thy Sorrows paid ;

For

For all the Wages thou requir'st,
 For all thy Smart and Pains,
 Is but to see thy Children blest
 And ransom'd from their Chains.

HYMN CXII.

- 1 **I** Sure am thine, since thou hast died
 Therefore, ye Fears and Terrors cease,
 Jesus the Morning Star appears,
 And bids my troubled Soul be Peace :
 Which long had sunk beneath the Load
 Of Reas'ning, Unbelief and Pride,
 At last the usefess Strife give o'er,
 And cleaves to Jesus crucify'd.
- 2 Grant me a deeper hold on thee,
 That at thy Feet I may remain,
 A poor believing Suppliant
 Still glorying in thy lovely Name :
 The Pow'r of which whoever feels,
 Will find himself from Sin set free,
 And all Things, which cou'd e'er cause Pain,
 In Time, or in Eternity.
-

HYMN CXIII.

- 1 **H** Oly Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to livè,
 Day and Night they cry to thee,
 " As thou art so let me be."

2 Jesu !

- 2 Jesu! see my panting Breast,
See! I pant in thee to rest,
Gladly now I wou'd be clean;
Cleanse me, Lord, from ev'ry Sin.
- 3 Fix, 'O fix, my wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross my Spirit bind,
Earthly Passions far remove,
Swallow up my Soul in Love.
- 4 Dust and Ashes tho' I am,
Full of Guilt, and Sin and Shame,
'Thine I am, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.
-

HYMN CXIV.

LIFT up, O great High-priest thy Hand,
Mark'd with the Wounds so dear,
And bless, O bless Us graciously,
Us all, who now are here:

Confess that Flock for whom thy Blood
Has ev'ry Drop been shed,
That Flock, which knows no other God,
But him with five Wounds red.

HYMN CXV.

- 1 **T**Each us, O Lord, thy Cross's Mystery:
Yes, our sincere Request shall granted be.
- 2 What cost thee Life, Blood, Death, strong Cries
and Tears,
The same remains nor waxes old by Years.

3 Thy

- 3 Thy pow'rful Word o'er Walls and Ramparts
flies,
Outlasts (thyself has said) both Earth and Skies.
- 4 Who to thy Blood can Bounds or Limits give?
Thy Flock, yea all the World may drink and live!
- 5 But hark! what Cry does from the Saviour burst,
That strong heart-piercing Cry, I thirst! I thirst!
- 6 For what? of hostile Blood to drink his fill?
No, for the Souls of those, who use him ill.
- 7 He would not one shou'd lost, and faithless prove,
But seeks to pierce Us with the Darts of Love.
- 8 To send his Messengers he does not cease,
And suffers scarce a Mouth to hold its Peace.
- 9 Thy cry in every Place in every Street,
"Friends, let us catch you in the Gospel Net."
- 10 Just as you are, you may to Jesus creep;
But come, he'll gladly take you for his Sheep.
- 11 Be you all over Sin, all over Shame,
'There's waiting for you still, *an Heart on flame.*
- 12 The Judge, to whom alone all Pow'r is giv'n,
Ordains for all poor Sinners, Peace and Heav'n.
- 13 Who finds, that Sin has quite o'erspread his Soul,
That his own Efforts ne'er can make him whole:
- 14 As dead, at Jesu's Feet, resolved to lie,
Jesus has sworn *that Soul* shall never die.
- 15 Were he a Bear, he softens to a Lamb,
And were he cold as Ice, he darts a Flame.
- 16 And were he dead before, yet, see, he lives!
'The Saviour quick'ning, whom the Father gives.

- 17 The Spirit in his Temple takes his place,
Decks it with outward and with inward Grace.
- 18 Likeness to Jesu's Death without is seen,
The spring of Life Eternal flows within.
- 19 This Aim we prosecute with all our Pow'rs,
For this the Spirit, and his Gifts are ours.
- 20 To court poor Sinners sunk in Guilt and Shame,
Brides to commence, and Partners with the Lamb.
- 21 We'll take you by the Hand in tend'rest Love,
Your Guilt and Mis'ry shall our Pity move.
- 22 Your sinful State our true Esteem excites,
In spite of all self-righteous Hypocrites.
- 23 We'll introduce you to our heav'nly King,
And promise you, he'll welcome all we bring.
- 24 He'll most affectionate, and gracious prove,
And kiss you with a tender Kiss of Love.
- 25 He'll close embrace you as his dearest Friend,
" My Justice will (saith he) in Mercy end."
- 26 By the Lamb's Side, shall you his Sheep lie down,
Fearless, as Lions, while the Lamb's your own.
- 27 Venture, who dare to break that Man's Repose,
Who Jesu's Voice to hear in stillness goes.
- 28 Such new-born Souls, how sweet it is to view,
How does their Happiness our own renew ?
- 29 On ev'ry House-top find us, Lord, a Place :
We'll shake to Atoms all Self-righteousness.

H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 **T**H E Crofs, the Crofs, O that's my Gain!
 Because on that, the Lamb was slain;
 'Twas there my Lord was crucify'd:
 'Twas there the Saviour for me dy'd.
- 2 What wond'rous Thing could move thy Heart,
 To take on Thee my Curse and Smart?
 When Thou fore-knewest I should be,
 So cold and negligent t'wards Thee.
- 3 The Cause was Love, I sink with Shame,
 Before thy sacred Jesu's Name,
 'That Thou should'st bleed and slaughter'd be,
 Because, because Thou lovedst me.
- 4 Thou lovest me: O boundless Grace!
 Who can such wond'rous Mercy trace?
 I, who unfaithful, foolish am,
 Yet find Thee still a patient Lamb.
- 5 To thy red Crofs I lift my Eyes,
 That is the Tree to make me wise.
 I look and see what I have done,
 To God's eternal gracious Son.
- 6 Lord, what is Man, and what am I,
 That thou should'st such a Creature buy,
 And seal my Ransom on the Wood,
 Languishing, melting in thy Blood!
- 7 Here is an Ensign on a Hill,
 Come hither, Sinners, look your fill;
 To look aside is Pain and Loss;
 I'll glory only in the Crofs.
- 8 Here, as thro' Glafs, I fix my Eye,
 The Glory of the Lord to 'spy:

- 'Tis by beholding, I shall be,
Chang'd to his Image, who lov'd me.
- 9 His Glory did the Lord proclaim,
When *Moses* pray'd to see the same,
" Before thee, shall my Goodness pass,
" But now thou can'st not see my Face."
- 10 But we with open Face behold,
The Glory, which before was told,
Should be reveal'd when Jesus dy'd :
We see *JEHOVAH crucify'd*.
- 11 No flaming Sword doth guard the Place,
The bloody Cross proclaims, *Free Grace* :
No other way can Heaven win,
All by the Cross must enter in.

H Y M N CXVII.

- 1 **T** H E Lamb, the Churches Lord, and Head,
With whom we're so enamoured,
Him *Abra'm*, and his Seed ador'd,
As their one God, and only Lord.
- 2 They had, nor knew no other God,
But him, who thro' his Death and Blood,
(As his dear Father's Pleasure was)
Did Penance for the Sinner's Cause.
- 3 Who left his Father's Majesty,
And put on our Humanity,
And by the Scribes and Seers of old,
Was, as the *Son of God* foretold.
- 4 On this Account it is we read,
That *Abra'm* on his Day was glad,

- And joy'd to view him, as his Lamb,
Bearing his Sins, and Guilt, and Shame.
- 5 Therefore they wish'd with many Tears,
Until the num'rous train of Years
Were ended, when the eternal Son
Should stoop, and leave his Father's Throne.
- 6 That He, thro' bleeding on the Tree,
Might free them from their Misery :
For all their Sins an Off'ring make,
And ev'ry Bond and Fetter break.
- 7 Now their whole Choir with Joy and Shame,
Adore for this the slaughter'd Lamb,
So all our Church dispers'd abroad,
Hold Jesus for our Lord and God.
- 8 We with the Lamb are satisfied :
Who knows, or wou'd know ought beside,
Belongs not to our Sinner-Choir :
The Lamb's the WHOLE of our Desire!
- 9 Now, God, in human Flesh reveal'd,
Thou know'st what's in my Heart conceal'd,
And that it's presently inflam'd,
Soon as thy Blood and Wounds are nam'd.
- 10 O ! let me ev'ry Hour be found,
My God, rejoicing in each Wound :
Thy Grace, and Blood, and Righteousness,
Remain my Strength, my only Drefs.
- 11 My Text whene'er I speak, shall be
Thy Wounds, and Sores, and Misery,
And when I to the World shall call,
" Thy Blood the Ransom-price for All."

H Y M N CXVIII.

- 1 **Y**OU, who the Cross's Subjects are,
By Christ's dear Wounds I earnest pray,
Your Heart's *first Love* with watchful Care,
Still cherish, lest it slide away :
Who let's it go, fierce smart will feel,
'Tis Death's last Agony, 'tis Hell.
- 2 To miss Christ on the bloody Tree,
Where he for Love to us did melt,
When him our Eyes can no more see,
When in the Heart he's no more felt,
This fills the Soul with Hellish Smart,
Yes, God knows this, who knows the Heart.
- 3 Heralds of Grace wou'd you commence,
Of this first self-experienc'd be,
First thro' the Wounds you wou'd dispence,
Your selves be reconcil'd and free :
When Pardon, Life, and Grace you find,
Then publish it to all Mankind.
- 4 But never from him turn your Eyes,
The Sinners only Hope and Friend,
The Soul that from his Keeper flies,
None other can from Harm defend :
Ye happy Souls, who Jesus know,
From Him, ah ! whither wou'd you go ?
- 5 Abide you faithful to your Plan,
If Satan you aside, once lead,
Tho' you bethink yourself again,
And your first Steps wou'd gladly tread,
Perhaps you can't obtain the Grace ;
For this has often been the Case.

- 6 Look back, and weigh the wretched State,
Which once the Fall had plung'd you in,
From which the Lamb's Distress and Sweat
Has sav'd you, and absolv'd your Sin :
Your Ransom Price has been his Gore,
Then go thy Way, and sin no more.
- 7 O thou dear Shepherd of the Sheep,
By thy dear Wounds I thee entreat,
My Heart close to thy Person keep,
And never let me leave thy Feet,
But thy true loving Child abide,
Despising every Thing beside.
- 8 Let my whole fix'd Intent and Aim
Be other Souls to win and free.
When this shall cease, O dearest Lamb,
Kiss me, and take me home to thee :
That Moment let me never view
When I shall prove to thee untrue.
-

HYMN CXIX.

THINK on thy Son's most bitter Death,
His five dear Wounds, and thorny Wreath,
For they have full Attonement made,
For all the World a Ransom paid ;
This comforts us eternally,
And makes us Hope for Mercy free.

HYMN CXX.

- 1 **W**HAT Joy or Honour could we have,
We all unclean and base,
Unless the righteous Lamb of God,
Our Joy and Honour was ?

What

- What boasted Work, what fairest Thing,
Of all that's ours we name,
Could we unto the Judgment bring,
Of Him whose Eyes are Flame?
- 2 Who is so rich, so pure, so just,
If scan'd and try'd above,
That his best Plea and Self-defence,
Of any Weight could prove?
Who, who, has ever found a Way,
Into the Holy Place,
By any other Door but one,
Christ's Wounds, and His free Grace.
- 3 No Soul I know in all the World:
And if in Man's Esteem,
One seems t' attain by other Means,
Alas! he does but *seem*.
But we, whose earnest Bosoms seek,
A Bottom true and sound
Whereon to rest, with us accurst
Be ev'ry *seeming* Ground.
- 4 We from the Depth of our poor Hearts,
Will ever be in Care,
Cloath'd with the Righteousness of Christ,
Before the Throne t' appear,
Depending on his Blood alone
Are we resolv'd to rest,
And on his sacred Wounds to hang,
As Infants on the Breast.

HYMN CXXI.

- 1 **T**HOU who so near us art, more near,
Than we can well express,
Humbly with Veneration deep,
Thy glorious Name we bless:

Let all our Trials shew it plain,
That we thy Flock of Grace,
Have been provided well with Strength,
Thy Testament to praise.

- 2 Let us our Senses with thy Wounds,
All taken up so find,
That nothing but thy Death and Pain,
May stay upon our Mind :
May Jesus on the Cross remain,
Our Aim and fix'd Desire,
And may his bitter Smart eat out
The Rust of Sin, like Fire.
-

H Y M N CXXII.

NOW my conquer'd Spirit,
Thro' thy Love and Merit,
Sinks before thy Face :
Hence I earnest pray thee
Wholly rule and sway me,
By thy Blood and Grace.
Make me whole, in Heart and Soul,
Quite giv'n up to Thee my Saviour,
No more mine for ever.

H Y M N CXXIII.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus Christ is nigh my Heart,
In that dear Form in which my Smart,
He bore to save me on the Tree ;
None thinks how it enlivens me.

- 2 O never ! never from me hide,
Thy pierced Hands, and open Side,
Thy weeping Eyes and bloody Hair,
Thy Fore-head and the Thorn-prints there.
- 3 Shew me thy Glory ! let me see
The bleeding Furrows made for me ;
The Back-parts of my Maker God,
Once to thy wishful *Moses* shew'd.
- 4 Thy bruised Cheeks, and Lips, and Head,
The Wheals, the Cords, and Fetters made,
The reeking Blood and Tears and Sweat,
Which cover'd thee from Head to Feet.
- 5 O hide not any tortur'd Part,
From these my Eyes, nor from my Heart ;
And when I all thy Wounds have seen,
Then shew me all afresh again.
- 6 Do this, 'till I, with open Face,
Behold thee in thy Holy-place,
'Till then, nor cold, nor wean'd from thee,
O suffer me thy Child to be.

H Y M N CXXIV.

RISE thou highly favour'd,
Let thy Head be cover'd,
With the Sinner's Vail.
Lo ! thy Husband calls thee,
Loves and Greets and Hails thee,
Thou thy Husband Hail !
Joyfu' rise and let thy Eyes,
See the Wounds he meekly shews thee :
Go and there repose thee.

HYMN CXXV.

WHEN I in Faith to *Calv'ry* come
 And see thee dying there,
 The very Tree of Life in Bloom!
 What Joys to mine compare?
 Under this shady Tree, may I,
 For ever more remain!
 And rest, and love, and live, and die,
 Beholding Jesus slain.

HYMN CXXVI.

- 1** **W**ITH bended Knees and Heart, before the
 Tree,
 Where my dear Saviour bled to Death for me,
 I fall, with greatest Rev'rence, and adore,
 His Corpse disfigur'd so, with Wounds and Gore.
- 2** As a poor Worm, I sink exceeding low,
 As I the deep, unfathom'd, Myst'ry view.
 His burning-pained Feet I weeping kiss,
 Confessing, *Lord, how great thy Mercy is!*
- 3** How much, I think, are lov'd the Sons of Men,
 When he who made them in their stead was slain,
 Sinners must highly valu'd be indeed,
 For whom, so great a Ransom-price was paid.
- 4** No slaughter'd Oxen did their Wrath appease;
 No Lambs, or Offerings purchas'd their Release;
 Nor Gold, nor Silver, nor ten thousand Thrones!
 A Price far greater, bought the First born Sons.

Had

- 5 Had ev'ry happy Spirit in the Skies
And all the Angels been a Sacrifice ;
Ah what were all, compar'd with that rich Blood,
And cruel dying of the *Son of God* !
 - 6 Lord with that Nail which caus'd thy Hand such Pain,
Imprint this on my Heart, *Thy God was slain*,
This keep me low, this bind me to obey,
And Love the Lamb who took my Sins away:
-

HYMN CXXVII.

- 1 **D**EAR Lamb be adored, because thou so wide,
Would'st suffer the Soldier to open thy Side,
For now, to that Shelter some thousand doves come,
And build and inhabit, and *yet there is Room*.
- 2 There cover'd together we fit and invite,
Our Fellows to enter, who yet are in Flight ;
Their Cooings and Songs, of the bloody Lamb charm
All Sorts who about their Asylum-rock swarm.
- 3 O God ! if thou never had'st carried our Sin,
How gloomy and dark had our Life to us been ?
If Thou had'st no Cross, or thy Body no Wound,
Where then had an Ark for thy Doves have been
found ?
- 4 The Day of our Birth had been cursed indeed ;
No Rest had been found for our Foot or our Head :
But now it is well, for our Saviour has dy'd,
And made for our Harbour, his Hands and his
Side.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

- 1 **L**O! he cometh, countless Trumpets,
Blow before his bloody Sign!
'Midst ten Thousand Saints and Angels,
See the Crucified shine,
Allelujah! welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb!
- 2 Now his Merits by the Harpers,
Thro' the eternal Deeps resounds!
Now resplendent shine his Nail Prints,
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds!
They who pierc'd Him, shall at his appearing wail.
- 3 Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away!
All who hate him must ashamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim his Day:
Come to Judgment! Stand before the Son of Man!
- 4 All who love him view his Glory,
Shining in his bruised Face:
His dear Person on the Rainbow,
Now his Peoples Heads shall raise:
Happy Mourners! Now on Clouds he comes!
he comes!
- 5 Now Redemption long expected,
See, in solemn Pomp appear;
All his People, once despised,
Now shall meet him in the Air:
Allelujah! Now the promis'd Kingdom's come!
- 6 View him smiling, now determin'd,
Ev'ry Evil to destroy!
All the Nations now shall sing him,
Songs of everlasting Joy!
O come quickly! Allelujah! come Lord, come!

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXIX.

- 1 **A**DORED be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the Cross,
To be his Bride by his own Blood,
Has consecrated us.
When we were wett'ring in our Sin,
And Wrath, approach'd, he ran between;
His Side, when that the Soldier bor'd,
Quenched the flaming Sword.
- 2 To be his Priests and Priestesses,
Is now our happy Lot,
To sing in Songs of endless Praise,
The Blood which us hath bought.
Thrice blessed be the Time when we,
Were born his Day of Grace to see:
And blessed be the *Son of Man*,
That He for us was slain!
- 3 Who to his Blood can Ends or Bounds,
Presume, or dare to set;
Or stint his Deep Eternal Wounds,
Or meritorious Sweat!
Since no Arch-angel rashly tries,
To sound their Depths, but humbly pry's,
And by the Church's Blood-bought Train,
They all their Wisdom gain?
- 4 First Jesus to his Virgin Bride,
Displays his ev'ry Sore;
He shews his Hands, his Feet and Side,
And Blood's Almighty Pow'r:
Then she before the Angel-Throng,
Falls down, and makes her charming Song,
"His Blood and Wounds and Sacrifice!"
And then *Hosannah* cries!

- 5 In Confort with our Choirs below
 The heav'nly Armies join:
 The Virgins on *Mount Sion*, now
 Confess our Work Divine:
 Our Hymns, by those in Milk-white Robes,
 Are eccho'd thro' the eternal Globes,
 When Allelujah! sing our Train,
 They answer all, *Amen!*
- 6 Anointed with our Husband's Oil,
 In Soul and Body chaste,
 "His Church, his tortur'd Corpse's Spoil,"
 We sing and never rest.
 We wait in Sister *Mary's* Place;
 Partakers of her Shame and Grace;
 With each our Lamp prepar'd and dress'd,
 For Jesu's Marriage-Feast.
-

H Y M N CXXX.

LORD with this guilty Heart of Mine,
 To thy dear Cross I flee:
 And to thy Grace my Soul resign,
 To be renew'd by Thee:
 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 In the Embraces of my God,
 And on my Saviour's Breast.

H Y M N CXXXI.

1 **M**Y Faith shall triumph o'er the Grave,
 And trample on the Tombs;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives;
 My God, my Saviour comes!

Ere

- E're long I know he shall appear,
Upon his Father's Seat :
And Death the last of all his Foes
Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.
- 2 Then tho' the Worms my Flesh devour,
And make my Corpse their Prey ;
I know I shall arise with Pow'r,
On my dear Saviour's Day.
When God shall stand upon the Earth,
Him, these my Eyes shall see,
My Flesh shall feel a second Birth,
And with him ever be.
- 3 His own soft Hand shall wipe the Tears,
From ev'ry weeping Eye ;
And Pains, and Groans, and Griefs, and Fears,
And Death itself shall die :
How long, dear Saviour ! O how long,
Shall this thy Day delay ?
O for the Sake of thine Elect !
Hasten the wish'd-for Day.
-

HYMN CXXXII.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb once slain ! whose flaming Eyes,
Sparkling with dazzling Light ;
How can a Sinner chuse but bow,
And sink beneath thy Sight.
- 2 Ev'n sinful Dust is now become,
Thy own peculiar Spoil,
And thine and mine are made one Heart,
Thro' thy dear bloody Toil.

- 3 How did Love seize me, that pure Fire,
That flam'd within Thy Breast,
When Thou, before Thy Father's Throne,
Wast pleas'd to make me blest !
- 4 Scarce was the Work in Heaven seal'd,
But well I felt the whole,
The Sweet Communion-oil o'er-spread,
My Spirit, Body, Soul.
- 5 So I became thy just Reward ;
Now deck thy New-made Throne,
With Light and Glory, as thou wilt,
Yea, all thy Will be done.
- 6 Thy Child so minded ever keep ;
Let me know nought beside,
But Christ the slaughter'd King of Light,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 7 Let me to thee in all my Wants,
Child-like still closer fly,
In all my Course regarding still,
The Beck of Jesu's Eye.
-

HYMN CXXXIII.

- 1 **T**HOU Saviour my good Shepherd art,
Thy Voice dear Lord, I know :
For thou hast laid down thy own Life,
To save me from deep Woe.
- 2 When I was lost and far had stray'd,
Into a Defart wild ;
Thou didst me seek, and bring back safe,
With tender Mercy mild.

3 When

- 3 When I was broken and Heart-sick,
Thou pitiedst my Pain,
Thou boundest up, and strengthenedst me ;
And gav'st me Health again.
- 4 Thou didst me lead and gently tend,
And feed in Pasture good :
And brought'st me to the living Stream,
Of thy most precious Blood.
- 5 Thy Blood ! O charming Sound to me !
Thy poor and helpless Sheep ;
Thy Blood's my sure Defence by Day,
My Shelter when I sleep !
-

HYMN CXXXIV.

- 1 **T**HY Eyes, thy Mouth, thy Side,
Thy Body crucify'd,
Whereon we build so sure,
We then shall see secure,
And kiss and inly greet,
The Prints in Hands and Feet.
- 2 Till then my Faith shall view,
Thy Eye Streaks black and blue,
The Clam on Mouth and Tongue,
Thy Corpse with Torture wrung,
As in the Holy Hymn,
Describ'd from Limb to Limb.
- 3 I b'lieve, in either Hand,
A piercing Nail did stand ;
And I believe, my Lord,
Thy holy Feet were bor'd ;
And that another Wound,
Within thy Side was found.

4 Thou

- 4 Thou know'st, O God! that I,
 Were I just now to die,
 No other Saviour have,
 No other wish or crave,
 But Jesus, Sinner's Friend,
 A Saviour without End.

H Y M N CXXXV.

- 1 **Y**E Arms of Love, once pierc'd with Nails,
 Out-stretch'd upon the Wood;
 Ye Arms, out of whose charming Holes,
 Did flow th' attoning Blood;
 How sweetly rests a weary Child,
 When close embrac'd by you!
 Let reason say what'er it will,
 'Tis yet for ever true.
- 2 For when the Law's tormenting Yoke,
 Does a poor Heart molest,
 And fills with Reas'ning, Doubts and Fears,
 A troubled Head and Breast,
 And half despairing one cries out,
 Who is't that sets us free?
 "None but the Lamb who did fulfil,
 The Law upon the Tree."
- How, happy I, when once I dy'd,
 To the condemning Law;
 As soon as I the Son of God,
 For me condemned saw!
 If now I see a Sinner come,
 Quite sunk in Misery,
 I'll lead him, to behold the Lamb,
 Attoning on the Tree.

- 4 The more a frighten'd Soul can view,
The slaughter'd King of Light,
The more is scatter'd and dispell'd,
The dismal cloudy Night :
The glaring Beams, which pow'rfully
Break forth from out the Lamb,
These kindle each cold lifeless Heart,
And make it all on Flame.
- 5 Is there a Thing, that moves and breaks,
A Heart as hard as Stone,
That warms a Heart as cold as Ice ?
'Tis Jesu's Blood alone :
One Drop of this can truly chear,
And heal the wounded Soul,
What Multitudes of broken Hearts,
This living Stream makes whole ?
- 6 Hark, O my Soul ! what sing the Choirs,
Around the glorious Throne ?
Hark, *Lamb* and *Blood* for evermore,
Sound in the sweetest Tone :
The Elders there cast down their Crowns,
And all both Night and Day,
Sing Praises to the Lamb's dear Blood,
Which wip'd their Guilt away.
- 7 And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our Degree,
That thro' the Blood of God's dear Lamb,
Each Soul may happy be ;
But thou, O Lamb ! make every Day,
Thy Wounds to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy gaping Side,
And kiss thy Hands and Feet.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

- 1 **B**LEST Church of poor Sinners, sing Praise to
the Lord,
To *Jesus* the *Nazarene*, the Flesh made Word,
Who forms thee so Glorious out of his pierc'd Side;
And makes thee, in Blood wash'd, his beautiful
Bride.
- 2 Thy God, thy Creator, thy Nature put on,
Because Disobedience had made thee undone;
He left his Throne Royal, a Child he became,
And bore in his Body thy Baseness and Shame.
- 3 He like a Worm, twisting and twining around,
Groans deeply; his Sweats falls like Blood to the
Ground;
Base Violence drags Him, the Maker Sublime,
To th' unjust Tribunal, convinc'd of no Crime.
- 4 No Legions of Angels, tho' by them ador'd,
He call'd for to free him, no Force and no Sword:
O Abyss of Mercy! O Love without Bounds,
He will lay his Life down, he will have the Wounds!
- 5 So like a curs'd Rebel, he's nail'd to the Tree,
Forth Shedding a Blood Stream for thee and for me,
Deliv'ring his Spirit up to his dear Sire,
Cries out, *It is finish'd*; and so does expire.
- 6 No Bone shall be broken, the Side shall be bor'd;
This shall be the Token of *Jesus* the Lord:
So pierced the Soldiers his Side, and a Flood
Out-gushes; he cometh with Water and Blood.
- 7 Ador'd be the Weakness and Folly * of God,
In shaking the Kingdom of Darkness by Blood!

Now

* 1 Cor. i. 25.

Now tremble the Devils, confin'd to the Lake,
Whate'er resists *Jesus* must tremble and quake.

- 8 But we, who believe, are his Flesh and his Bone,
The Son of the Father, and we are but one;
The God-head's Relations, *Christ's* Brethren are
we:

Where he is, the first-born, there we are to be.

- 9 Thou Sinner-Church, value thy Husband's great
Worth,
And in all thy Members his Praises set forth:
All Beauties, without Blood, as Dirt do esteem,
And know of no God-head but only in Him.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 **T**HAT *Jesus* loves his Church is surely true,
Therefore he let his Blood so freely flow.

- 2 Her ev'ry Member is a Grain of Dust,
And knows that Mercy is her only Trust.

- 3 Tho' the World knows us not, nor what's our
Mind,
And calls us by the first bad Name they find:

- 4 Yet we the most contented Folk abide,
And our Anointed one's most loving Bride.

- 5 Tho' thro' Reports both good and bad we pass,
Yet we go chearful on 'fore *Jesu's* Face.

- 6 The Master whom we serve is such a Man,
Who knows what for us He can best ordain.

- 7 And tho' against all human Wit it goes;
T'accomplish all his Will He fully knows.

- 8 And all his Work so weighty and so dear,
He by poor Sinners does accomplish here.
- 9 He gives us this assuredly to know,
Hell's Gates his Church shall never overthrow.
- 10 Therefore t' express ourselves so bold we dare,
That not one Enemy can touch a Hair.
- 11 Altho' they fret and strive their Rage to vent,
They cannot go beyond their Chain's Extent.
- 12 What in your Hearts, you Spirits, must you bear,
Who the sworn Enemies of Jesus are?
- 13 Who'd hinder God's blest Spirit's Industry,
To train up Jesu's tender Family.
- 14 Lord Jesu! be eternally ador'd,
What shou'd we be, were Jesus not our Lord?
-

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O God on High all Glory be,
And Thanks that he's so gracious,
That hence to all Eternity,
No Evil shall oppress us :
God is well pleas'd with human Race,
There's now confirm'd a lasting Peace ;
All Enmity is ended.
- 2 Thee we adore, and laud and praise,
And thank for thy great Glory,
Father, that thy Realm lasts always,
Not frail or transitory :

Immense and boundless is thy Might,
What thou Decree'st, is done out-right,
In such a Lord we're happy.

- 3 O Jesu Christ! thou only Child,
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all Strife is reconcil'd,
And all the Lost find Succour:
God's Lamb, our only Holy Lord;
To needy Pray'rs thy Ear afford,
And on us all have Mercy.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, thou Gift most dear,
Thou Comforter most wholesome;
From Satan's Pow'r henceforth keep clear,
What Christ did save and ransom:
Thro' Torment great, and bitter Smart,
All Mischief and all Harm avert:
We trust thou'lt this accomplish.
-

HYMN CXXXIX.

- 1 **W**elcome among thy chosen Flock,
With many thousand Wishes, Thou
Who ever wert and art their Rock,
Come and refresh thy People now,
Who for thy Cross's Word so dear,
Differ from all, and stand alone,
Accept from us united here,
The Elder's Adoration.
- 2 We kiss thy Hand in Spirit, Lamb,
Mark'd with a Print, bor'd by the Nail,
That Hand which for us on the Stem,
Was stretch'd out, and appear'd so pale;

That

That Hand, which e'er thou went'st away,
One saw thy chosen People bless,
That Hand by which on Judgment Day,
Thy Sinners are to stand by Grace.

H Y M N XCL.

- 1 **L**AMB, who'rt so beloved,
By the Sinners Train !
Thou wert sweetly moved,
To bear all our Pain :
Nought drew thy Affection,
To stoop down to die,
But our deep Destruction,
And our Misery.
- 2 This fills me with Rapture,
That he bore my Smart ;
And his bleeding Figure,
Sweetly draws my Heart ;
He has overcome me,
By that bloody Fight,
Now I am led Captive,
By those Bands with Right.
- 3 When I this remember,
How, vile as I am,
Thou hast chose me Member,
Of thy Body, Lamb !
With deep Adoration,
Then my Heart is bow'd,
At the free Election,
Grounded in thy Blood.

- 4 In Thy Wounds so bloody,
I have found my Peace ;
Tho' I'm Poor and Needy,
That's my Shelt'ring Place.
Nought can here disturb me,
Nought can break my Rest ;
For I sleep securely,
In thy loving Breast.
- 5 O ! sink me still deeper,
In Thy Wounds, O Lamb !
Let these be my Cover,
From all Hurt and Shame :
Let my Heart keep swimming,
In Thy purple Gore ;
And be hourly Feeding,
On each Wound and Sore.
- 9 Now my Heart lies open ;
Lamb ! thou know'st my Want ;
What thy Blood has broken,
Now does long and pant,
To be thine entirely,
In thy Warmth to move :
Make my Heart quite glowing,
By thy bleeding Love.
- 7 Lo ! thy Child so feeble,
Lies before thy Heart,
Tho' I scarce am able,
To express in Part,
All my Wants, O *Jesu* !
Yet thou know'st them well :
Now in me thy Sinner,
All thy Mind fulfil.

- 8 Of this I'm assured,
 Thro' thy bitter Pain,
 That my Name does noted,
 In thy Book remain :
 From this World's Confusion,
 I am only Thine,
 And thy Congregation's,
 Where thy Wounds so shine.
-

H Y M N CXLI.

- 1 **Y**OUR Thanks, ye Children, to the Spirit
 send,
 Who always does the Saviour recommend,
 To the Hearts explaining,
 That bitter Passion,
 Thro' which the helpless Poor obtain Salvation
 In ev'ry Age.
- 2 What could we know of thee, thou Lamb of God ?
 The Cross whereon Thou shedd'st thy precious
 Blood,
 In itself was lifeless ;
 Our Maker's dying,
 Would be fit Matter for an endless Sighing
 In mournful Hymns.
- 3 But so the Spirit sets before our Eyes,
 That perfect All-attoning Sacrifice,
 Whereby our Debts are paid,
 Our Grievs sustained
 That by no Torment we can now be pained,
 Here hangs the Lamb.
- 4 How

- 4 How shall we thank the Lamb, and his dear
Blood,
Which fills the World with Wonders, like a Flood?
How thank th' Holy Spirit,
Who let us see them?
Praised for ever be the Blood of the Lamb
In th' *Holy Ghost*.
- 5 How shall we praise, Father, thy loving Mind?
Where to describe its Strength, Expressions find?
Who the Son of thy Love,
For us Transgressors,
Gav'st up to such great Troubles, Pains and Tor-
tures,
And Death itself.
- 6 What Hymns, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will thy Elect once sing! that num'rous Host,
Of poor sinful Children,
Begotten by Thee,
Suckled, protected, and at length plac'd nigh the
Throne of the Lamb.

H Y M N CXLII.

- 1 **W**HAT Praise unto the Lamb is due!
How should our Spirits all take Fire,
When we his boundless Love review,
And see him in his Blood expire:
Who can describe, how much he lov'd,
Or paint that strong uncommon Zeal,
With which his tender Heart was mov'd,
When he sustain'd the Pangs of Hell.

- 2 Who knows what Pain he underwent
When from the Cross he cry'd so loud,
Why, why, (His Heart with anguish rent)
Forsook'st Thou me, My God, my God?
'This was a bitter cry indeed,
This was a dark and doleful Hour;
His very Spirit seems to bleed,
And Hell t'exert its utmost Power.
- 3 The Burden's great yet can't he rest,
'Till all the Curse from Man's remov'd
Tho' so intolerably prest,
Yet to the last He faithful prov'd:
Resolv'd to make lost Man his Spoil,
He seems before the Foe to yield,
And suffers all, nor minds the Toil,
'Till with his Life he wins the Field.
- 4 While others make the Law their Aim,
Thence count their Gain, thence mourn their
Loss,
We'll know, nor seek no other Name,
Than Jesus bleeding on the Cross;
Jesus, the hungry Sinner's Feast,
Jesus the Sinners only Good,
This will we only Thirst to taste,
The Quintessence of Jesu's Blood.
- 5 This is our Point; his dying Smart,
Alone can Unbelief remove,
Alone can melt the stubborn Heart,
And make it feel the Warmth of Love;
This must each reas'ning Thought controul,
Pardon each unadvised Step,
Renew and purify the Whole,
And in its proper Order keep.

- 6 In livelier Colours, Jesu ! draw,
Thy bleeding Wounds within my Breast ;
And make Thy dying Love my Law,
'Till Sin is wholly dispossess ;
By this alone we wish to live,
Nor from the Law seek ease again ;
For if Thy Blood can't Vict'ry give,
Legal Attempts must all prove vain.
-

H Y M N CXLIII.

- 1 **O** Lord of Hosts,
Eternal God,
Each Creature's Head,
Blest God, who all Things made ;
God, who the World so wide,
Dost guide ;
Who mad'st by Blood,
What spoil'd was, Good,
And sanctify'st All !
About thy Neck we fall.
- 2 Sure as Thou liv'st,
O Lord, and mov'st,
On Cherubim,
And aw'st the Seraphim ;
As *Jehovah's* thy Name,
And Lamb ;
So sure's the Blood,
The Chiefest Good,
Of Sinners poor,
'Till Death shall be no more:

H Y M N CXLIV.

- 1 **H**ENCE nothing will we know beside,
No other Myſtry learn ;
But, That a Lamb to ſave us died,
This be our ſole Concern.
 - 2 This we profeſs, and this maintain,
None can Salvation know,
But in believing he was ſlain ;
This we are Witneſs too.
 - 3 For this, let all our Enemies,
Contrive to do us hurt ;
This hold we faſt, tho' Hell ſhould riſe,
Againſt the glad Report.
 - 4 Not by our Works of Righteouſneſs,
But by his precious Blood,
He ſav'd us, ſeal'd us, gave us Peace,
And made us One with GOD.
-

H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 **O** Had my Soul ten thouſand Tongues,
All, all ſhould join one Theme :
The Subject of my endleſs Songs,
Should be my Saviour's Name.
- 2 Bold as a Lion, I who late,
Againſt our Saviour ſtrove,
Now conquer'd fit at his dear Feet ;
And ſing the Pow'r of Love.

- 3 His happy Spoil am I become,
His willing Captive now;
His gracious Wounds have made me room,
And wash'd my Sins like Snow.
- 4 I (wonder all in Earth and Heav'n !)
The First-born Child of Wrath,
Am Sav'd and Ransom'd, and Forgiv'n,
And Bought from Sin and Death.
- 5 I once was blind, and headlong ran,
The Road that leads to Hell :
I slighted all the truest Gain,
And Bliss unchangeable.
- 6 I trampled on my Saviour's Blood,
And disesteem'd his Cross;
In Sin's Highway, I daring stood,
My Shame my Glory was.
- 7 There had I ever staid, had He,
Whom I so ev'ly us'd,
Refus'd to pity sinful me,
Or Mercy me refus'd.
- 8 His Fame to all Eternity,
My happy Soul shall spread :
I'll sing, *He lov'd, and dy'd for me,*
For me to Death he bled !

H Y M N . CXLVI.

I Stand amaz'd,
Asham'd, abas'd,
To think I'm one,
He set his Heart upon :

I blush with deepest Shame,
 Dear Lamb,
 When I behold
 Me in that Fold,
 Bought by thy Smart,
 And laid so near thy Heart.

H Y M N CXLVII.

BLOOD of Jesu's Wounds ! how good
 Sounds it in my Ears and Heart ?
 Nothing surely like that Blood,
 Can such solid Bliss impart ;
 O 'tis most divine !
 Weary Sinners hither fly,
 Laden with your Crimson Sin,
 This Blots out the dreadful Dye.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

THY Suff'rings then and bloody Death,
 My Heart shall e're retain ;
 And earnestly I'll shun what gives,
 Both Thee and me such Pain :
 For nothing now in all the World,
 Howe'er so seeming nice,
 Shall yield me any farther Joy,
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